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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS ELLAS DEE AS THE TOYMAKER'S APPRENTICE IN "LA POUPÉE,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

"SAUCY SALLY," AT THE COMEDY.

Can such things be? Are husbands, virtuous if weak, ever such prodigious liars as Bertie Jocelyn? Lying through a seven-inch door is a small matter compared with his efforts at untruth, and the pity was that his motives were not discreditable. All things are not fair in love



NELSON ACCORDING TO SIR W. BEECHEY, R.A.

or war, but to draw the long bow a little when a-courting seems not wholly culpable. Indeed, I suspect that Othello, in those "moving accidents by flood and field," sometimes laid on the colour heavily. Now Jocelyn was not a man of half-measures; when lying was the game he played it with all his might, and uncommonly well. Unluckily for him, a man who has been a tremendous traveller and explorer before marriage cannot be expected suddenly to become a mere stay-at-home ratepayer, particularly if he has a mother-in-law, with Viking blood in her veins, who is thirsting for vicarious glory.

So poor Jocelyn was compelled to keep up the fiction, and from time to time desert his happy home to set out on adventures in the *pays de Cocagne*. He imagined a steam-yacht, the *Saucy Sally*, taking the name from one that had foundered; and going from Fairfield to London, *via* Southampton, studied adventure books at the British Museum, and, in undue course, returned home, with purchased trophies and curios, to delight his family with wondrous tales of his doughty deeds on foreign lands and seas.

London is by no means the right hiding-place for a well-to-do young man with a lively imagination, and after a while Jocelyn found himself awkwardly entangled—indeed, actually engaged to be married to Cecile, a pretty music-mistress. To her, alas! under the fatal influence of the lying habit, he told the wonderful stories which delighted his folk at the real home; and when he was compelled to be at Fairfield he pretended to Cecile that he was travelling in the *Saucy Sally*. No one can expect to play battledore and shuttlecock with the truth without letting it fall sooner or later. The trouble came from the carelessness of Jocelyn. For his fond, proud mother-in-law, when dusting one of her treasures, an owl shot by Bertie "on the shore of Lake Ontario," found a ticket in the feathers bearing the words "Jumjum's Stores." In the simple language of the old lady, she "smelt owls." So, when Bertie's sham sailing orders came, she and her still unsuspecting daughter, to his horror, insisted upon accompanying him to Southampton to see him embark. Jocelyn, trusting to luck, took them to Southampton, and determined to hire a steam-yacht for a day, paint on her stern the name *Saucy Sally*, and sail off to the nearest harbour. The scheme was ingenious, but proved to be unnecessary. For there was at Southampton a real *Saucy Sally* with a real Captain Jocelyn, and things became frightfully mixed, and the more seeing that Cecile and an uncle appeared on the scene. However, Bertie escaped for a while, leaving everyone satisfied, but a little bewildered.

Yet in the end he was compelled to confess the truth to Cecile, but succeeded in appeasing her wrath and inducing her to transfer her affections to a wealthy Welshman. His mother-in-law for a while was kept in the dark, the owl-ticket being explained by the statement that Jumjum was merely the stuffer. But the truth came out, and the dreams of the Viking mother-in-law became thin air. Luckily, she was a wise woman, and agreed to leave her daughter still undeceived on condition that Jocelyn abandoned his imaginary enterprises and settled down quietly at his fireside with his pretty, trusting little wife. Consequently the *Saucy Sally's* last trip came to an end so far as Bertie was concerned, and there was a beautiful calm of truth after a cyclone of lies.

Such a tale, deftly told by the French author of "*La Flamboyante*," and very skilfully adapted by Mr. F. C. Burnand, could not fail to be vastly amusing, and, indeed, the laughter of the audience drove the good ship safely into harbour after a successful cruise likely to be repeated many a time. In this, one of the brightest farces of late years, Mr. Charles Hawtreys has a part that suits him perfectly, and he played it superbly, showing an ease and finish of style of the greatest value. Mrs. Charles Calvert was richly humorous as the mother-in-law. Miss Jessie Bateman played cleverly as the pretty wife, and work of some merit was done by Miss Maud Abbott, who represented Cecile. A word of praise is due to Mr. H. Deane, most ingeniously characteristic in the part of a hotel-waiter.

MONOCLE.

YET ANOTHER NELSON.

Nelson aut nihil may yet have to find a place at the end of every dictionary that explains mottoes in Latin. Never has the great Admiral had such a year. To begin with, there were two reprints of Southey's fine biography. Then came Professor Laughton's handsome picture-book on Nelson, with its fine array of portraits, including the one which Sir William Beechey (1753-1839) painted. Meanwhile Mr. Clark Russell has been running our only hero in the pages of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, while Captain Mahan's great work on Nelson is being eagerly awaited on both sides of the Atlantic. Then the theatre stepped in, much to the dismay of Admiral Field. On Feb. 11 Mr. Forbes-Robertson produced Ridsen Home's play at the Avenue, "*Nelson's Enchantress*," and on March 9 the unhappy Olympic opened, under the auspices of Mr. Herbert Sleath, with "*The Mariners of England*," a melodrama worked round Nelson by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe, who is, of course, Miss Harriet Jay. Thus, at the present moment, we have two Nelsons in the flesh, to say nothing of the effigy in Trafalgar Square and St. Paul's—Mr. Forbes-Robertson at the Avenue, and Mr. W. L. Abingdon at the Olympic. All we want to complete the picture is Mr. Charles Godfrey, who should once more mount the column at the Oxford, and give us the patched eye which both Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Abingdon shirk.

The name of Nelson gives an air of romance to the simple sea-story of Harry Dell, who in the play at the Olympic actually wins the battle of Trafalgar by the indirect process of saving the life of the great Admiral when on shore. Harry, who for many years believed himself to be of humble origin, but was really of good family, had the courage to raise his eyes to the beautiful niece of Admiral Talbot, and the fortune to induce her to lower hers to him favourably. Now, Captain Lebaudy, her cousin, who was anxious to marry her, not only disliked rivalry, but keenly hated the idea of having a common sailor as his rival. Moreover, he was deeply entangled, since, during Harry's absence at sea, he had wronged Harry's step-sister under a promise of marriage.

The French, it is needless to say, in those days had their spies in England—nor were we unserved in France—and Captain Lebaudy, of the Royal Navy, was in their secret service, and served them with such intensity of disloyal loyalty as to conceive the infamous idea of murdering the great Admiral who stood between France and her dearest designs. It was not very difficult to contrive a comparatively safe plan of murder, though it was not easy to find men base enough to carry it out. However, alas! there never was foul plot unperformed for want of villains, and Lebaudy found his men—among them Jack Marston, *alias* Black Jack. Nelson was staying down at Dover, and, it might be assumed, would walk on a summer's evening along the famous white cliffs, and for half-a-dozen men to stun the one-armed hero and hurl him to the distant beach seemed easy. But Captain Lebaudy reckoned without Harry, who,



NELSON ACCORDING TO MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, AT THE AVENUE.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

arriving in the point of time, saved Nelson when he had been struck down, and put the rogues to flight, receiving himself from Black Jack a sword-slash on the wrist. Harry's calls for help were answered by Miss Talbot and Captain Lebaudy. The Captain, furious at the failure of his plot, saw his way to revenge and also to put away his rival; so he denounced Harry as one of Nelson's assailants.

Harry's sweetheart advised him to fly. Fighting his way with his wounded hand, Harry got free and reached France, but found life

death, when Nelson stepped forward and introduced a witness in the person of Black Jack, who promptly asserted that Harry was the rescuer and not the assailant of Nelson, so, instead of being hanged, he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant.

The rest is history, and I need not speak of the battle of Trafalgar, at which Harry acted heroically, or the death of Nelson at the supreme moment. That Harry came home, married his sweetheart, and lived happily ever after, can easily be guessed.



NELSON ACCORDING TO MR. W. L. ABINGDON, AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KAROLY, NOTTINGHAM.

unendurable with such a stain on his name as came from the charge and his flight; so he made his way back to England, and got on to Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, just as she was about to start on her glorious, fatal enterprise. His request for a court-martial was granted instantly, and he may have regretted that he did not postpone it till the officers had a little more time to devote to the task of trying a human being; for after the barest formalities, and on evidence insufficient to warrant the death of a duck, the Court was about to sentence him to

The melodrama has been very handsomely mounted, and the tableaux of the deck of the *Victory* when Nelson was struck, and the dying scene in the cockpit, are presented admirably. Miss Keith Wakeman played charmingly as the heroine, Miss Florence Tanner acted well as Harry's sister, and Miss Edith Bruce was energetic and amusing in a soubrette part. Mr. Sleath gave an able, if somewhat crude, performance as Captain Lebaudy, and Messrs. Abingdon and Glenney played the parts of Nelson and Dell in a fashion that seemed to please the house.

THE MCKINLEY INAUGURATION SOUVENIRS.

Writing from Canton, Ohio, on the 27th ult., a representative of the *Chicago Tribune* said—

A thick-set man with a grey moustache came out on the front porch of the McKinley home at ten o'clock to-night, looked up and down the street and upon the stretch of muddy front yard that formerly was the McKinley lawn, closed the drab-coloured front blinds, stepped inside the front door again, and sat down in the hall-way to begin his all-night watch for cranks. The closing of the front blinds formally signified to the neighbours that President-elect McKinley had gone to bed. To the people of the United States it meant that the most remarkable Presidential campaign they or their ancestors ever have participated in had finally come to an end.

Such is the scene that the same journal pictured in the little illustration which is reproduced here, which I have called "From Canton to the White House." Presents galore have showered upon the President, including seven American eagles, and he has shaken hands with a million people.

From early in the morning until late at night, all during the week preceding the Inauguration of "McKinley and Prosperity," the voice of the street-vendor heard throughout Washington had but one cry, "Yere's yer suvnirs—elegant suvnirs! All fer a nickle, or a dime, or a quarter! Pays yer money and takes yer choice!" Never before in the history of American Presidents have the streets and the shop-windows presented such a scene. Boys and men, of all ages and descriptions and colours, negroes largely predominating, were parading up and down the principal thoroughfares, carrying immense boards on which were displayed Inauguration souvenirs of every sort imaginable. Badges, buttons, and pins were, of course, abundant. Such souvenirs as these have always been somewhat in evidence at Inauguration times, but this year there have been numerous things in the way of souvenirs that were never before thought of. One of the most popular was the McKinley tumbler—a thin drinking-glass with the features of Major McKinley engraved on it, and underneath the legend "Here's to

THE PROSPERITY SPOON.

Protection and Prosperity!" Indeed, speaking of glasses, an entire dinner-table might be laid out with McKinley souvenirs, and not a single article required for comfortable or even luxurious eating and drinking be found wanting. It is reported that the American pottery-manufacturer who a little over two months ago first thought of the idea of making "McKinley dishes" has made an immense fortune from the sales of his wares, and now, after the Inauguration, the sales are even greater than they were two weeks ago, since the prices for the McKinley ware have been reduced. Newly made American brides, just starting in housekeeping, are furnishing their china-cupboards with this curious and interesting pottery. McKinley oyster-plates are made in the shape of five or six oyster-shells, each bearing the stamp of the new President's face. There are McKinley fish-knives and forks, soup-plates, dinner-plates, dessert-plates, entrée-dishes, platters, carving-knives, napkin-rings, wine-glasses of all the different shapes and sizes, to say nothing of the McKinley spoon.

The "Prosperity Spoon," as it is called, is by far the most beautiful and elaborate of all the Inauguration souvenirs. It is very high-priced, and has the advantage—or shall I say disadvantage?—of not being sold by the street-vendors. For two weeks it has been prominently exhibited in the different jewellers' windows. It is made in two sizes, the ordinary teaspoon size and that of the after-dinner coffee-spoon. It is of sterling silver, overlaid with gold and enamel. The bowl of the spoon bears an engraving of the White



FROM CANTON TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

From the "*Chicago Tribune*."

House, surrounded by the words "Protection and Prosperity," two terms, by the way, which the enthusiastic supporters of the new Administration consider synonymous. On the handle of the spoon are the words "Sound Money" intertwined with an American flag, enamelled in red, white, and blue, while the tip end of the handle has an engraving of President McKinley. This spoon, in its most elaborate style, which I have just described, is, up to the present time, only to be purchased for five dollars; but the same thing, minus the gold-plating and enamel work, is sold in silver for three dollars.

Another very pretty souvenir displayed in the shop-windows was the "Key to Prosperity." It was a large wooden key, gilded, with "March 4th, 1897," painted in black about the handle, and three bands of ribbon tied around it, each band having printed on it one of the three following devices: "Home Industries," "Protective Tariff," or "Gold Standard." One of the most ludicrous souvenirs was the "Prosperity Ring." It was peddled and sold in great quantities by the street-hawkers, and was made of brass, with a fake diamond as large as a shilling-piece.

The souvenir-manufacturers tried very hard to boom Mrs. McKinley as well as her illustrious husband, by making buttons bearing a representation of her face. It was a sweet face, with kindly, sympathetic eyes that told of great suffering and patience, which appeared on these buttons; but very few people bought or wore them. I asked one of the street button-merchants why this was, and he answered—

"It's the truth I'm telling ye! Gentlemen is willing enough to wear McKinley buttons, but somehow they don't take to puttin' on the lady's picture, 'cause they kinder thinks it'll be treason to Mrs. Cleveland, who's the prettiest lady we've ever had or ever will have in that there White House. She ain't no politician, you know, like Grover. Everybody loves her, men, women, and children, and they don't like the idee



THESE FORM THE PARTY ON PRESIDENT-ELECT MCKINLEY'S PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN.
From the "*Chicago Tribune*."

of wearin' another lady's picture on their buttons. I tell ye what. They do say Mrs. McKinley is just as nice as can be expected. Fact is, she's an extra fine lady, but folks is feelin' too bad about Mrs. Cleveland goin' away to wear these buttons."

Gold-bugs and the regulation McKinley and Hobart button, probably left over from the election time, were sold in great numbers, and two days before the Inauguration many men in Washington were wearing a badge of this sort.

A unique souvenir was the McKinley savings bank. It was an iron figure of the President-elect, wearing a Napoleonic suit of clothes and hat, and a broad smile which left his mouth wide open for the reception of coins, which, when dropped in, rattled down through his neck and body into his boots. Wreathed round about the smiling mouth were the words "Sound Money."

Among the most sought-after souvenirs were the McKinley razors, said to be of the "safety" variety that never scratch or cut. What with the McKinley razor in general use and the President himself a smooth-faced man, it is said that smooth-faced men will become exceedingly fashionable in the United States, and that a general removal of beards and moustaches may soon be expected.

On Inauguration Day, and for two or three days preceding that event, those men—and women too—who were averse to decking themselves out with souvenirs or badges that were too conspicuous, carried McKinley canes. These had the combined advantages of quiet elegance and demonstrative patriotism. They were gold-headed ebony sticks, looking like ordinary canes, but they were hollowed out for the purpose of holding a small silk flag on a staff. When, in moments of enthusiasm, the flag was wanted for use, all that was necessary was to unscrew the brass cap at the bottom of the cane, pull it out, unwind the flag, insert it in the hollow of the cane, and throw it to the breeze, with the cry "Hurrah for McKinley, Protection, and Prosperity! McKinley, McKinley! President McKinley!"

ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

A CHAT WITH M. MÉTAXAS.

I have the same holy horror of early rising as had Charles Lamb (writes a *Sketch* representative), so that getting up in the night is particularly distasteful to me. This remark is naturally introductory, and by way of apology for the statement of fact that I was late in keeping an appoint-



M. DIMITRY G. MÉTAXAS,
CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES DE GRECE IN LONDON.
Photo by Naudin, Kensington.

ment at the Greek Embassy in Earl's Court one day last week. You may imagine my satisfaction then when I found that the Chargé d'Affaires was himself not yet up; indeed, I became more phil-Hellenic than ever. The short time I had to wait, however, was pleasantly passed in company with the Greek weekly, the *Hellas*, charmingly illustrated with views of ancient Athens, portraits of celebrated admirals, and incidents in the battle of Navarino and other sea-fights, illustrations of provincial costumes, portraits of the ladies-in-waiting on the late Queen Amalia, &c.

Pleasantly received by M. Métaxas on his putting in an appearance, I remarked, "I suppose you are all here at the Embassy at fever heat?"

"Not more so than you English, I think," he replied gaily as he lighted a cigarette.

"However, I'll admit that Greeks must necessarily be much excited. I don't suppose there's a nation on earth more unanimous in feeling, or one where the patriotism of the people is more unbounded."

"It must be admitted, however, I suppose, that the Cretans are a rather turbulent people?"

"I cannot admit anything of the kind. The Cretans have always shown a desire to accept advice from the Greek Government, and many times they have sacrificed their own interests in order to obey, and frequently they have been more amenable to the Government than the Greek people at home. The Government has shown the most amicable spirit in endeavouring to propitiate the Great Powers, and even the Turks, in the interests of peace. The despatch of our men-of-war to Cretan waters was decided with no other purpose than to protect our brethren in Crete from the ferocity of the Turkish soldiery. I can assure you the Government has shown great patience, and has endeavoured to inculcate the same spirit of forbearance among the Cretans."

"You were in the Greek Embassy at Constantinople for some time?"

"Yes, I was there in '84, being then Second Secretary of the Legation, and, later, as First Secretary and Chargé d'Affaires, and my instructions, as long ago as that time, from the Greek Government were to promote in every possible way the maintenance of the peace of Europe and to discountenance any movement tending in an opposite direction. It was at that time the Cretans were invited to come to Constantinople to discuss their grievances; but the deputation returned without any result beyond illusory promises of inquiry, which were never carried out. And the sufferings of the people under Turkish misrule formed not the only matter which was laid before the Grand Vizier. The question of the financial administration called equally for measures of reform. The petitioners insisted that one-half at least of the revenue derived from the customs and taxes of Crete should be paid into the Cretan Exchequer, and be employed in maintenance of the Gendarmerie in the interest of public security, and towards other objects beneficial to the island. But the Porte practically turned a deaf ear to all complaints; at any rate, no change took place, all the money finding its way to Constantinople."

"It is said that the Cretans would not be content with autonomy?"

"That is so; nor would they. I am quite sure, if the question of autonomy or incorporation with the Principality of Greece were submitted to the people by a plébiscite, there would be a unanimous vote in favour of adoption by the Mother Country. Yes, and by the Mussulman population, too, who, you must bear in mind, are Greeks, speaking the Greek language, and having Greek blood in their veins. Many of these same Mussulmans are so only in name, having embraced Mohammedism in numerous cases by compulsion or expediency."

"Now, may I ask if you think that war will be declared against Turkey, or, in the absence of that course, do you suppose that Greece will obey the mandate of the Powers by evacuating Crete?"

"You must excuse my offering any opinion on those points. But I

think I may make this observation, that I cannot conceive the Great Powers bombarding a Christian people in the interest of the Turk."

"I suppose, in the event of the Reserve men being called out, there would be a large exodus of Greeks from London and Liverpool and other large towns?"

"Not so many as I dare say you imagine. I should think there are not more than two thousand Greeks in London. Many of them are in business, and all are esteemed. When these merchants retire from business they return to their own country. By the way, you would be surprised at the number of Greeks living in Turkey, where there are many millions engaged in commercial pursuits, and in Constantinople alone fully three hundred thousand."

"It is part of Turkish policy, I believe, to allow the Greeks to grow rich—indeed, any subject race—so that the Turk may fatten on the product of their labour through taxation?"

"Undoubtedly, while the money so derived is not expended in the proper administration of the country, as I remarked before, with respect to the condition of things in Crete. Extortion, bribery, and fraud characterise all commercial transactions under Turkish rule, or rather, misrule."

M. Métaxas must have gained considerable insight into the diplomatic relations between the different countries of Europe. His first appointment was as an Attaché at the Foreign Office. He had a mission to Prevesa, where he took part in the delimitation of the Greek frontier. He was a Secretary of Legation in Berlin during the famous Conference, afterwards being sent to Constantinople and Rome, and subsequently returned to Berlin as First Secretary and Chargé d'Affaires. Before coming to London two years ago as Chargé d'Affaires he represented Greece in the same official capacity at Belgrade.

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has at last been dramatised (by Mr. Lorimer Stoddard) and staged at the Fifth Avenue, New York, on



MRS. FISKE ("TESS") AT THE AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.
Photo by Dupont, New York.

March 2. The play is in four acts and five scenes, the last of which represents the grim situation at Stonehenge. The complete cast is as follows—

Angel Clare	Mr. EDWARD M. BELL.
Alec D'Urberville	Mr. CHARLES COGHAN.
John Durbeyfield, otherwise Sir John	Mr. JOHN JACK.
Abraham	Miss ALICE PIERCE.
Jonathan Kail	Mr. WILFRED NORTH.
Tim	Mr. ALFRED HICKMAN.
Mr. Crick	Mr. W. L. BRANSCOMBE.
Marian	Miss ANNIE IRISH.
Joan Durbeyfield	Mrs. MARY BARKER.
Retty	Miss NELLIE LINGARD.
Izz	BLOU FERNANDEZ.
Liza Lu	Miss EDITH WRIGHT.
Tess	Mrs. FISKE.

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THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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SMALL TALK.

When that most popular of band-masters, Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, received last week a handsome service of plate from the Brigade of Guards, presented to him in a very handsome speech by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, it is more than probable that in all his long and varied experience he could recall no more stirring event than that which was associated with his first public appearance as the holder of a post



LIEUTENANT DAN GODFREY.

Photo by Gregory, Strand

which he has so worthily filled for forty years. It was on Wednesday, July 9, 1856, that those Guards who had survived the changes and chances of the Crimean Campaign made their triumphal entry into London, and that memorable occasion was the first event in Dan Godfrey's career as band-master, to which Prince Edward briefly referred. The Guards reached Nine Elms Station on the day I have referred to about half-past eleven, travelling from Aldershot, and, with Lord Rokeby at their head, marched to the West End, some 3200 strong, their bands playing "See the conquering hero comes." The enthusiasm on the line of march was something extraordinary, and when they reached Buckingham Palace, and the Queen, surrounded by a group comprising the King of the Belgians, Prince Oscar of Sweden, the Count of Flanders, the Duchess of Kent, and the royal children (the Prince of Wales in Highland costume), stood on the balcony above the Grand Entrance to welcome them, the scene in the Mall was beyond description. The Grenadier band favoured her Majesty with the "British Grenadiers," the Scots Fusiliers struck up "Here's a health to all good lasses" (which, by the way, appeared to afford the Queen some amusement), while the Coldstreams regaled the royal ears with "La Minanola," a favourite march of their regiment. From the Palace the Guards repaired to Hyde Park, where Prince Albert, in his uniform of Colonel of the Grenadiers, joined them. Her Majesty and a brilliant staff followed, and that march past which can never be forgotten by the youngest who witnessed it took place. When the Queen had departed, the enthusiastic crowds broke through soldiers and police and crowded round the heroes, greeting them in the most frantically enthusiastic manner. Lieutenant Dan Godfrey is never likely, I should imagine, to forget that glorious day.

I confess to having "tickled" trout in my young and unregenerate days, and remember hearing from an old watcher on the Tay that not only were salmon easier to "tickle," but that they actually liked the process—not the catching to which the tickling was a preliminary, be it understood, but the actual tickling. He said he had known fish that would come to be scratched; but I thought of the doctor's "auld cock saumon that went peckin' aboot amang the hens," and drew the line at

believing that. It is certain that during the spawning season the hen salmon, judiciously approached, is extraordinarily tame. The subject is recalled to mind by a letter in the *Field*, in which the writer tells how his gillie went into the shallow where a female fish was lying, got near enough to put his hand on her, and began to rub, when the fish lay over on her side and allowed him to scratch her. With such confidence did the scratching inspire that salmon that she allowed the gillie to grip her by the tail, drag her through the water, and throw her on the bank.

The new pack of staghounds started last autumn by Sir John Amory to hunt the country south of the Devon and Somerset's territory are to be congratulated on a most successful first season, a thing which seldom falls to the lot of any pack in its beginning. The stag-hunting season closed some time ago, but the number of deer in the country indicated the necessity of prolonging the season, and of late they have been devoting attention to the hinds. Red deer work serious havoc in field and orchard, and farmers have good cause for complaint if the head of game be not kept within reasonable limits. I understand that the executive of the Devon and Somerset heard something on this score from the farmers in their country last season. Sir John Amory's had a remarkable run with a hind on the last Wednesday in February: fourteen miles as the crow flies from find to kill, and over twenty miles as hounds ran, best pace over the best moorland in the Hunt's country.

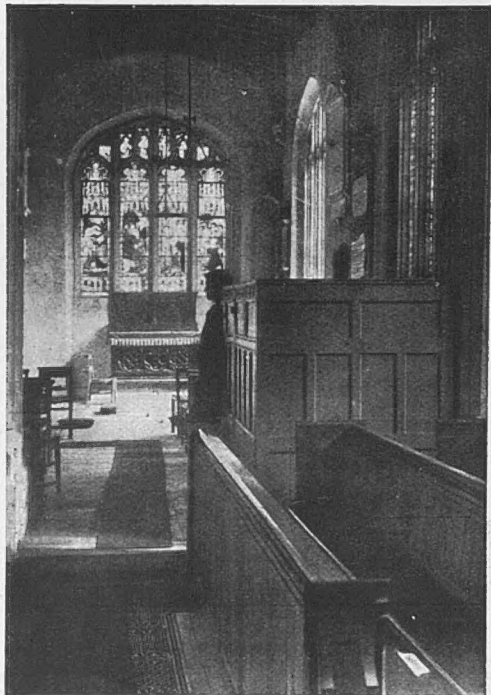
Lord Lonsdale holds a prominent position in the world of sport as Master of the most fashionable pack of foxhounds in the kingdom. He took over the Mastership of the Quorn at the end of last season, and has discharged the difficult and delicate duties of his office with great success. It is no easy task to control a field which may number seven hundred horsemen and horsewomen, and to show the maximum of sport while taking care that the farmers whose lands are crossed shall suffer the minimum of loss. How well Lord Lonsdale has succeeded in reconciling conflicting interests was proved this season, when he wished to resign the Mastership; to retain his services the Hunt guaranteed a largely increased subscription to enable him to meet the annually swelling expense of hunting the country. A performance of Lord Lonsdale's which excited great interest at the time was the driving-match he arranged with Lord Shrewsbury in March 1891. Lord Shrewsbury, owing to a misapprehension, did not come to the starting-post. Lord Lonsdale did, and performed the truly remarkable feat of driving (1) a single horse, (2) a pair, (3) a four-in-hand, and (4) a pair, riding postilion, five miles each over a bad stretch of road in 55 min. 35½ sec., or twenty miles in 56 min. 55½ sec., including changes of vehicle.



THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

Photo by Mayall and Co., Ltd., Piccadilly.

At the very moment when a notable Conscience is waxing belligerent, the Nonconformist Lion and the Anglican Lamb have lain down together in Warminster—or, to speak more accurately, have stood up together—for allied combat, waged—*mirabile dictu!*—in the cause of an æsthetic ideal. Cretan and Armenian atrocities are forgotten beside the outrage



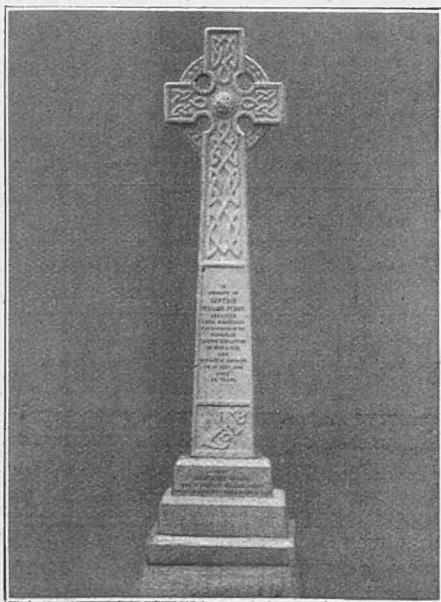
A DISPUTED PEW.
Photo by Fletcher, Warminster.

recently committed within Warminster's own gates—nay, within the gates of her eponymous sanctuary. The Minster, to quote the local Press, is “one of the handsomest churches in the diocese, restored in the most approved style by the greatest architect of the day . . . at a cost of £10,000.” This costly harmony Warminster will not lightly suffer to be marred, so when Mr. J. E. Halliday, exercising an ancient legal right (confirmed some six years ago by the House of Lords), ruthlessly thrusts his unsightly old family pew into the Minster, the citizens naturally take fire. The hereditary pew, we are told, resembles nothing so much as a cattle-truck. Evidently, Mr. Halliday does not approve of restorations

“in the most approved style,” so his ancestral “dozing-pan” returns to its ancient place in all its pristine ugliness. On Saturday Mr. Halliday intimated his intended action to the Vicar, and on Sunday evening the Vicar held a special prayer-meeting after service to implore the Divine restraint on his parishioner. Alas! “nothing would turn Mr. Halliday, and on Monday morning the ugly old pew” (I again quote the local paper) “was conveyed from his house, where it had been carefully preserved, to the Minster.” The conveyance was effected by the henchman of Mr. Button, the local carrier. Mr. Button's man, it appears, used a trolley which his master is wont to borrow from Mr. Titt. Now Mr. Titt is an ardent upholder of “restoration in the most approved style,” and lent the trolley in complete ignorance of the purpose for which it was to be used. His letter to the papers, with its fine “had I known, my trolley would never,” justifies the local journalist's comment that “insult had been added to injury in regard to Mr. Titt.” Nor is Mr. Button without his meed among the Achæans. Mr. Button, it is explained, was out of town, and wist not what his henchman was about.

Few towns in this country have listened with greater interest to Nansen than Aberdeen, for the simple fact that it was of old the centre of the whale-fishery and the port from whence more than one Franklin search expedition sailed.

In 1850 Captain William Penny commanded one of the vessels sent out in that great search. He lived for more than forty years after, dying in Aberdeen in 1892, at the age of eighty-two, and his kinsman, Mr. William Penny-Craik, of Craig Castle, has just erected a handsome cross over his grave in the ancient churchyard of St. Nicholas, where all the great ones of the Granite City slumber. The memorial, which has been designed by Mr. James Hutcheon, of Aberdeen, takes the form, as you will note from the accompanying illustration, of a richly carved, finely axed Runic cross, four feet square at base and over thirteen feet high. It is the tallest cross in the cemetery, and has been much admired by visitors to the city since its erection. Beneath the inscription, which is cut out on shaft of cross and refilled with lead, an anchor and cable are carved, and on the raised boss you trace the Penny crest—a dolphin.



THE PENNY CROSS AT ABERDEEN.
Photo by Dunn, Aberdeen.

This memorial reminds me that the author of “Uncle Tom's Cabin” always remembered with peculiar pleasure the visit paid by her to Inverary, where she was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. Mrs. Beecher-Stowe had taken an especial fancy to an ancient Celtic cross which had just been sent to the Duke from Iona. To the last day of her life a drawing of this curious mediæval relic always accompanied her wherever she went, and when the question of a memorial was mooted her children felt that their mother could have wished for no better monument than a Celtic cross. It will be of Scotch granite, and will be completed and ready for dedication in June. The cemetery where Mrs. Stowe lies, between her husband and her son, is one of the most beautiful burial-grounds in America, and the cross which will mark the spot where the most famous of American women lies buried will be seen far and wide.

The great servant question is always with us, and I hear that a serious effort is going to be made to organise a domestic training-school. Already a flourishing institution of the kind exists in Brooklyn, New York. There, by paying the comparatively modest fee of six shillings, any intelligent woman can be taught something of household management, for a series of excellent evening classes has been organised, and a special course is held for the benefit of what we should call parlour-maids. It is a fact that servants “made in Germany” are obtaining each day a greater footing in London. Frenchwomen make admirable domestics, but, unfortunately, they suffer so seriously from the peculiar home-sickness of their race that it practically does not pay to bring them here.

Mrs. Garland, who died at Bath on Feb. 21, at the age of a hundred and five years and nine months, was a remarkable survival from a past century. Born at St. Osyth, Essex, on May 16, 1791, she was the daughter of Dr. Inman, afterwards of Bath. She married Captain J. Garland, R.N., one of Nelson's officers at Copenhagen, and whose appointment as mate of the *Amphion* was probably the last which Nelson made. Her memories included a visit to Paris with her father when peace was first proclaimed, and when English ladies had been unseen in Paris for many years; a honeymoon tour with her husband through Scotland, when she had to ride pillion behind him, owing to the absence of roads; and a voyage in a yacht to Staffa, when two duels were fought on board. It is difficult to realise that the actual spectator of such old-world scenes has only now passed away. The wonderful old lady enjoyed excellent health until about four days before her death.



MRS. GARLAND.

Is there any doubt whatever about heredity? Last week I noticed that Miss Connie Nicoll carried off a prize of ten shillings for a very pretty little poem on the New Year in the *Gentlewoman*. She sang as follows—

The New Year comes with flying feet
Over the hills of time,
Her crown of Christmas roses sweet,
Her dress of crystal rime. . . .

What shall she bring us, who can tell?
If joyous mirth or sadness;
Shall it be ill with us or well?
Shall sorrows come or gladness? . . .

Oh, may it be a season sweet,
To comfort and to bless,
And bring you as the days fast fleet
The crown of happiness.

Now, when I tell you that the little rhymers are the daughter of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, you will see that heredity is something, after all, though the nonsense of Lombroso has done more to invalidate the theory than anything else. And, furthermore, Dr. Nicoll almost thirty years before anticipated his daughter's footsteps, for in the Christmas Number of the *People's Journal* he won a prize, also of ten shillings, for a little hymn, from which I quote two stanzas—

'Tis lowly I'm lying to wait a welcome dying,
My measured hours are flying with swift and soundless tread;
Unnumbered thoughts are fleeting, and will not cease repeating,
Till my heart has ceased its beating, and they lay me with the dead.

When the rose was glowing gladlike—the brook was flowing madlike,
And nought was seeming sadlike, and nothing out of tune;
What hours we spent in roaming—how joyous our home-coming,
All in the pleasant gloaming of a flower-enamoured June.

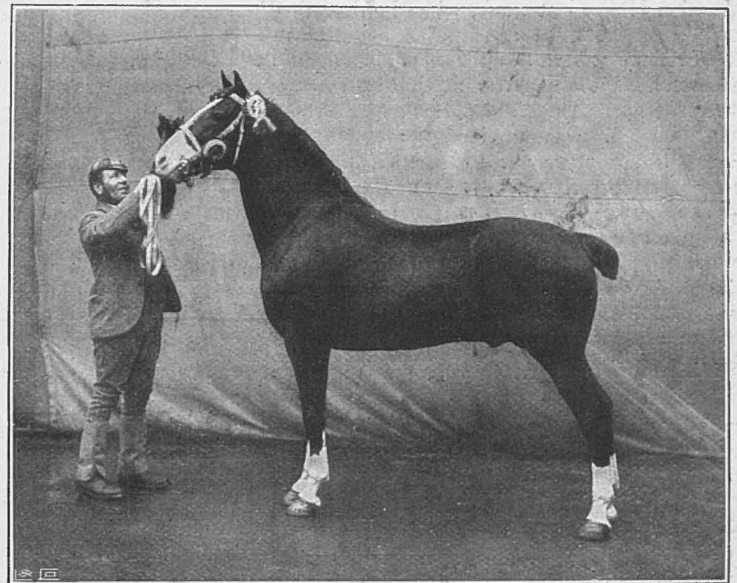
You know, of course, that Dr. Nicoll and Mr. Thomas J. Wise are ransacking the literary limbo of the nineteenth century for their “Literary Anecdotes”? They have had many a fine “snatch,” but, as you may know, there are others at the same game.

The three great Horse Shows, which are held annually at Islington in three succeeding weeks, have been a great success this year, beginning, as usual, with the splendid Shires. No fewer than 553 horses were exhibited, and the show drew an immense crowd, besides giving

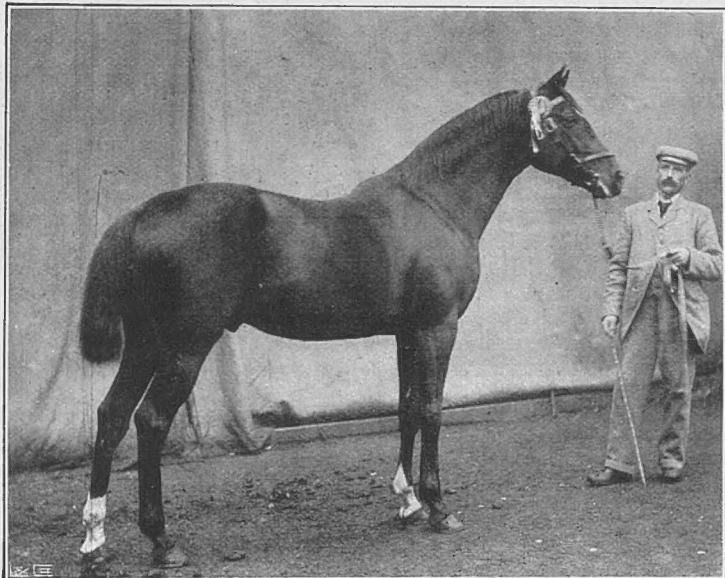
numbered 486, the most noticeable feature being the increase in the average height of the competitors in a good many classes. Apropos of this, one may refer to the evidence of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., before the Commission on Horse-Breeding in Ireland. Mr. Coutts does not



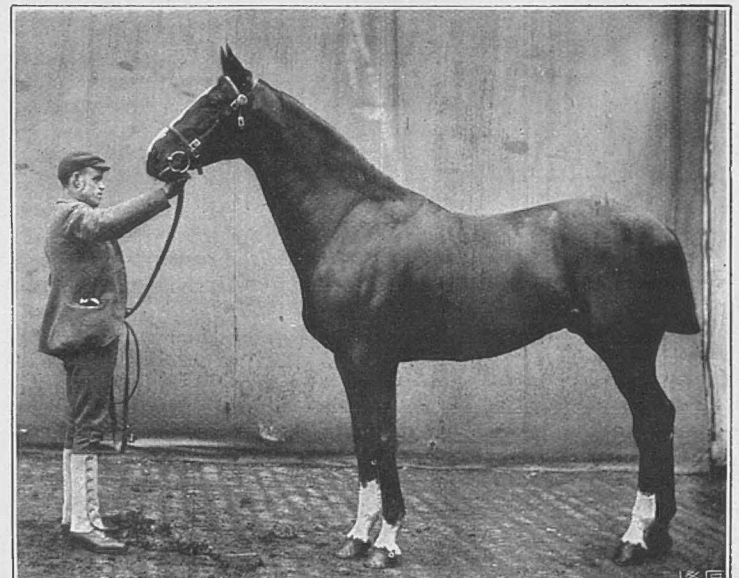
MR. HENRY WHITTICK'S PRIZE HACKNEY, WINNAL FIREAWAY.



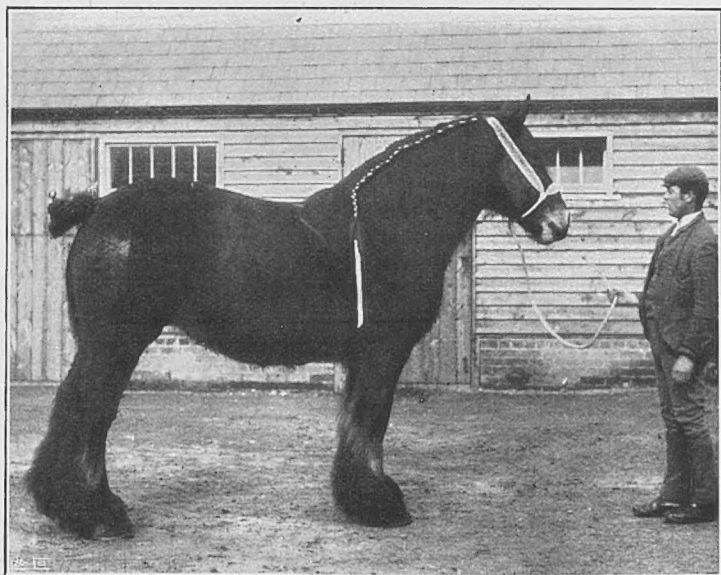
MR. F. W. BUTTLE'S CHAMPION HACKNEY, ROSADOR.



MR. JOSEPH WHEELER'S THOROUGHbred, MAXWELL.



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MR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON'S PRIZE SHIRE MARE, AUREA.



MR. HENDERSON'S CHAMPION SHIRE STALLION, MARKEATON ROYAL HAROLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

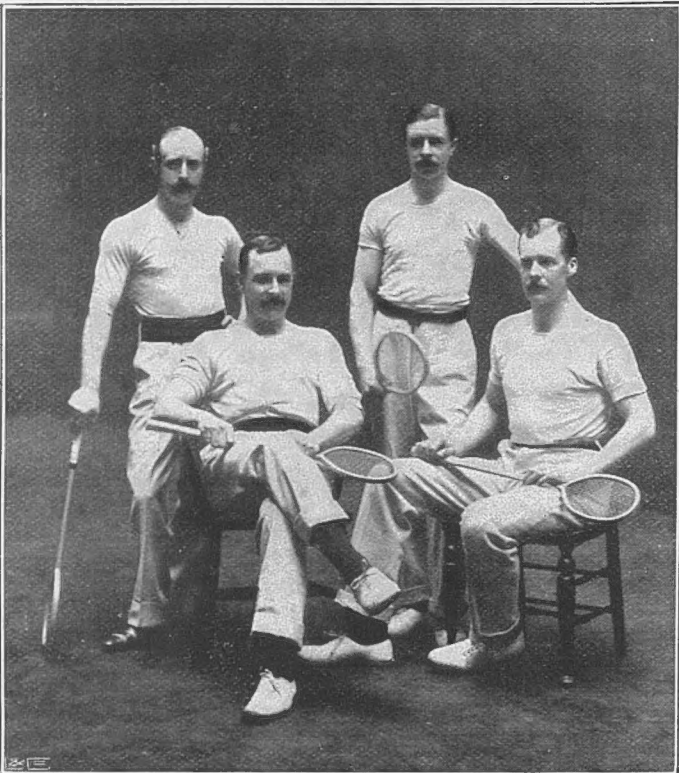
the readers of the *Spectator* the opportunity of reading a very charming article on this noble type of horse, which no motor-car can hope to dispossess. The Hackneys, which were shown during the following week,

think that, beyond 15.3 hands, the Hackney type is compatible with elegance. Last week the Hunters were shown, 120 stallions coming forward. Altogether, horse-lovers had a good time.

The 12th Lancers have again won the Racquets Cup in the military championship, having secured it five times out of six, for in 1895 they were beaten by the Royal Engineers. The match, which was played at the Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, last week, attracted a large and fashionable crowd.

Mr. Bryce paid a gracious compliment to the Prime Minister at the Mansion House last week, when he described his son, Lord Hugh Cecil, as one of the most distinguished of the new members of Parliament. Lord Salisbury's voice as he acknowledged the compliment showed that he had been touched by it. Great statesmen are fortunately not free from the natural feelings of fathers. The First Lord of the Admiralty, for instance, was obviously pleased by the flattering allusions of Sir William Harcourt to Mr. George Joachim Goschen junior; and even Mr. Chamberlain, for once in his life, betrayed emotion when Mr. Gladstone described his son Austen's maiden effort as "a speech that must be dear and refreshing to a father's heart." One of the most interesting personal scenes which ever took place in the House of Commons occurred during the Session of 1881, when Mr. Herbert Gladstone, whose father was at the time Prime Minister, addressed the House of Commons for the first time, immediately after a speech by the present Sir Stafford Northcote, the son of the then Leader of the

Mr. E. Crawley. Captain Eastwood. Mr. Wyndham. Captain Oxley.



THE WINNERS OF THE MILITARY RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

Opposition. The fathers of these young men, although rival leaders, were personal friends, and one can imagine their feelings on that memorable occasion.

Lord Hugh Cecil is one of the most modest of members. Tall, gaunt, and very thin, with an awkward gait, his manner seems shy. Yet those who meet him as Mr. Bryce meets him, in a small society to which both belong, describe the noble lord as agreeable and amiable, as well as quick-minded. His maiden speech on last Session's Education Bill, which Mr. Augustine Birrell described at the time as "an animated and most excellent speech," was heard by the House with delight, not only on account of its readiness, but still more on account of its earnestness—a quality for the display of which some courage is required. The Prime Minister's eldest son, Lord Cranborne, is well known at St. Stephen's, and, in spite of a pugnacious manner, is not disliked by any section. Lord Hugh Cecil promises to play a still more important part. His style is more finished than Lord Cranborne's, and bears traces of the Premier's own irony. Lord Hugh has had the advantage of acting as private secretary to his father. A similar advantage, it is true, has been enjoyed by the sons of other distinguished statesmen who have not pushed their own fortunes far in the political world. Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote, for instance, have never displayed much Parliamentary zeal. It is believed, however, that the Cecil's place confidence in the political future of Lord Hugh. He is twenty-eight years old and a bachelor.

The lovers of My Lady Nicotine must in future avoid Illinois, for a very serious effort is being made there to secure the passage of what may be called an Anti-Cigarette Bill, and the Chicago Board of Education has been appealed to, to throw in its influence on the side of the angels. Of late years the American boy has developed a quite inordinate love of tobacco, and, accordingly, serious effects are being observed.

Sympathy with Greece in the recent crisis is all very well—I share it—but I cannot spare any sympathy for the people who persist in making themselves ridiculous over the crisis. What, for example, possesses Mr. Jerome to collect the signatures of a number of absolutely obscure people—and to sandwich them side by side with a number of well-known authors—and pass this off for a list of English literary sympathisers with Greece? Mr. Swinburne and Mr. George Meredith, for example, whose names are not in the list, would surely have made a better appearance there than, say, Mr. J. Mackie and Mr. Roger Pocock—whoever they may be. Of course, I know that Mr. G. B. Burgin and Mr. Clarence Rook are distinguished authors, but it shows a lack of literary perspective to take no count of all the great writers—historians and scholars—whose sympathies, I am quite sure, are on the side which so forcibly captivated the imagination of Byron. There are Bishop Creighton and Canon Ainger, for example, Dr. Gardiner and Professor York Powell, Dean Kitchin and Mr. Frederic Harrison. Literature is not summed up in fiction, Mr. Jerome, and not all journalists are men of letters. It may be said that the thing was done hurriedly, and I have knowledge of certain telegrams which bewildered sundry poets or poetasters a day or two back. But there was really no great hurry in the matter, and a few hours with competent engineering would have given a strong and representative list of authors to the support of the Greek side. Far worse than this, however, is the way in which the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Star* have broken out into verse from all the poetasters of the day. To publish rhymes by Canon Rawnsley is to make any cause ridiculous, and March 11 should be a red-letter day in literature from the fact that Rawnsley epics appeared in two London journals on that day. But poor Greece suffers! Alas, the pity of it!

Fortunately, the other side has its Rawnsley as well. The *Daily Mail*, for example, gives an article by Mr. G. W. Stevens upon the ancient Greeks, whom he describes as "cowardly, vain, dishonest, and treacherous, incurably factious and unpatriotic, and consistently bloodthirsty." Mr. Stevens is a young man, and doubtless thinks himself a very smart one. He brings his indictment against the ancient Greeks with all the arrogance of a discoverer, and he flings about references to Thucydides with all the airs of a scholar. This question of the character of the ancient Greeks is not settled by the man who has a sufficient smattering of Greek to dip into Thucydides or who is able to read him in a crib. The subject is one which requires a considerable capacity for unbiased historical research. Years before Mr. Stevens was born, every old fossil who wanted to howl against democratic struggles or efforts on behalf of freedom would pull down his Mitford and would talk Greek history—or Mitford's colouring of Greek history—from it. Bishop Thirlwall was not very much better. But all that kind of nonsense was entirely exploded by George Grote, and every scholar who has succeeded Grote in the study of the Athenian democracy has accepted his conclusions. Mr. Stevens had better confine himself to such brilliant punning as the following epigram taken from the same issue of the *Mail*, and which might easily have come from his pen—

The King of Greece is scribbling note after note, for all the world as if he were a modern journalist. There are plenty of notes, but where is the leader?

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is not the only collector of petticoats, for I learn from a Chicago paper that an old lady in Georgia hoards them up so far as they are historic. Still, I fancy that our Narcissus has not many imitators in his own sex, for petticoat-collecting is not, as a rule, regarded as any part of the religion of a literary or any sort of man—

"I want to be a roving swain,"
Said pretty young Narcissus;
He ran his fingers through his mane,
And gently winked at Mr. Lane—
"I go to seek a missus."
"No Literary Men achieve
Success without Religion,
So, this my creed—I do believe
Each Adam must possess an Eve—
Though oft she plucks the pigeon."
So while his mind began to gloat
O'er Eros quite hysteric,
He noted on a line, afloat,
A lovely brodered petticoat—
Which makes you think of Herrick.
His purchase of it did not cloy
This amorous Ulysses,
For when he noticed "Sylvia Joy,"
He grew so very, very coy,
He covered it with kisses.
But then he found another pet,
For he was polygamic.
He thought this naughty Nicolette
So very angel-like *in bett*,
He promptly left his hammock.
The Golden Girl was found at last,
Of course, in Piccadilly,
For heroines must have a past,
Though Mrs. Grundy stands aghast—
Narcissus thinks her silly.
"Ah, Reader"—one takes on the style
And moral of Narcissus,
What time his benediction smile
Beams from him to dismiss us,
To please your sisters and your aunts
You must be nice and godly—
But that won't suit the soul that haunts
The portals of the Bodley.

Extraordinary Bills are sometimes proposed and have even been passed by the members of our own House of Commons, but the strangest reform ever suggested by the maddest of our legislators, hereditary or otherwise, is reasonable in comparison with the curious measures constantly introduced to the notice of the various American State Legislatures. Curiously enough, the most violent measures are generally proposed by the North-West lawgivers, and Kansas holds the palm, for the representatives of that lively State are willing and ready to legislate on every type of modern evil, from bloomers and corsets to insurance and the theatre-hat. Not infrequently eccentric measures have actually been passed, and, as most people know, it is a far harder matter to rescind than it is to make a law. It must not be thought, however, that "freak legislation," as it has been aptly called, is unworthy of notice. Every measure, however crazy, is always supported by a number of cranks who have plenty to say for themselves, and very often, it must be admitted, the evil they wish to reform is real enough in all conscience. Thus, the hysterical excitement always evoked in America by a great murder trial provoked one sensible man to introduce a Bill prohibiting any persons, excepting ministers of the Gospel and the nearest relations of the prisoner, carrying offerings of flowers to a condemned murderer. This Bill was defeated only on its third reading. Other proposals are less defensible. A certain Mr. Hood, of Missouri, seriously proposed a measure which should make it illegal for railway employes to flirt with the women passengers; not without a certain kinship to this proposal was a bill introduced by a Mr. Macpherson making every *decree nisi* pronounced in the Divorce Court carry with it a sentence of five years' imprisonment against the guilty party. Nebraska nearly passed a law against football. Then it need hardly be said that eccentric Money

Bills are a fruitful source of interest, but they are those which are most promptly thrown out, for the mass of American opinion is financially sound, and the Land of the Dollar won't stand any nonsense where her pocket is concerned.

The Monmouth Tree has fallen, for the grand old Spanish chestnut, after standing for a thousand years, was blown down by the gale this day fortnight. What the Royal Oak of Boscobel was to England at large, the Monmouth Tree was to Somerset. Its history is familiar. In November 1681, the



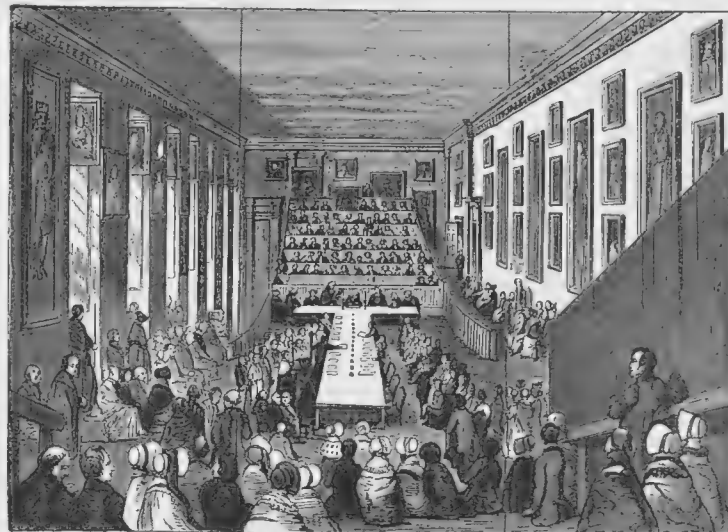
THE MONMOUTH TREE.
Photo by Lambert, Ilminster.

Duke of Monmouth, on his progress through the West, arrived at Whitelackington House (which is one mile distant from Ilminster), then the seat of George Speke. When the Duke came within ten miles of the place, he was met by two thousand people on horseback, a company that swelled into twenty thousand ere Whitelackington House was reached. To admit so large a multitude, several perches of the park palings were taken down, and the Duke, with his motley retinue, dined beneath the spreading chestnut-tree. Its dimensions were as follows: Girth of right arm at spring, 15 ft.; girth of left arm, 14 ft.; girth of whole tree at top of stem, 25 ft.; mid-girth of stem, 25 ft.; diameter at foot, 12 ft.; total height, 49 ft. What is left of the Whitelackington mansion is now a farmhouse belonging to Captain A. H. V. Lee, whose family have been the owners for many years.

The recent exploit of Mr. Sanger's elephant, Charlie, who killed his ex-keeper at Dalston, gives a special interest to the life and death of Jeannette, who lately died at Peru, Indiana. She was a hundred and twenty years old, having been taken to the United States in 1824. She was for a long time the only female elephant in America, and was, in her way, quite a celebrity. Jeannette fully bore out all that has been said as to elephantine intelligence and cunning. She was gentle, kind, and affectionate to her friends, but resentful when aroused. Moreover, she was what the Irish call a "born thief," and a candy-stand had but little chance of escape when in her neighbourhood, for she had acquired the American love of sweets, and it cost her owners a considerable sum to compensate the open-air sweet-shop owners whose stock Jeannette munched up a few moments after she had become aware of the vicinity of a candy-stand. On more than one occasion Jeannette showed that she had a keen memory for her enemies,

if not for her friends. In fact, she was even capable of truly feminine dislikes, lacking rhyme or reason, and the person who had unconsciously offended her did well to keep out of her way.

This day fifty years ago the Scots peers assembled at Holyrood to elect a representative peer, Lord Gray being selected.



THE ELECTION OF A SCOTS PEER AT HOLYROOD FIFTY YEARS AGO.
Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

Paris has a curious monopoly of what may be styled artistic trades. Few people are aware that the great majority of the carnival and fancy-dress masks hail from the gay city, America alone taking as her share six million false faces each year. Of course, there is a fashion in such things. After the Franco-Prussian War, King Carnival disappeared for a while, but now every Paris gamin affords himself a mask on Shrove Tuesday. Some four hundred people are engaged in the trade, and several sculptors who had once dreamed of going down the stream of time with Praxiteles are now content to gain a profitable livelihood by modelling masks. For it is by no means an easy matter to produce a clever and original plaster face, and the modeller is often hard put to it to discover a grotesque, a pathetic, or a sinister turn of expression. Each mask, as we know it, is made of paper pulp which has been carefully pressed into an original mould made from the plaster cast. Women are employed in all the later stages of the work, and in each considerable artistic feeling is required, especially when it comes to painting in the wrinkles, eyebrows, and so on. A French mask can be purchased at almost any price, from a few pence up to as many pounds.

The Sisterhood of Death is the name of a mysterious organisation that has been started in St. Louis to do war against the *demi-monde* of that city by means of vitriol-throwing. That will probably take the edge off golden girlhood.

Mr. C. D. Gibson has got a new girl. This time, however, it is, as Mr. Chevalier would say, his "werry own," for he has just got a daughter.



THE MONMOUTH TREE BLOWN DOWN.
Photo by Lambert, Ilminster.

Miss Anne Beaufort-Beddard is getting on, for, during the one-week revival of "The Pilgrim's Progress" at the Olympic, she took the part of Speranza, created by Miss Esmé Beringer. I give a portrait of her as Emilia in "Othello," in which she is very good.

When a man goes to a fancy-dress ball in all the glory of a new and original costume, the pleasure he takes in himself is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He knows that, while he alights from or seeks his vehicle, there are one or two moments during which the boy in the street will have his say. Neither Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, P. T. Barnum, Cecil Rhodes, nor any of our celebrities past, present, or to come, could remain on their perches unless they were taken quite seriously, and sensitive men have told me that the quarter of an hour outside the house, *en route* to a fancy-dress ball, is the worst they have ever experienced. Yet there are, in some cases, gallant soldiers who unflinchingly go through worse ordeals outside the battlefield. Let us consider the City Marshal. The gentleman who now fills the position is a fine soldier and a handsome man, but I wager he would rather face a horde of howling savages, a German band, or the personification of the Nonconformist Conscience than ride in state through, let us say, Hoxton or the Mile End Road. They say that the Lee-Netford rifle-bullet goes through you without splintering bones; and if that is so, then the chaff of the loafer ought to be a standing weapon in time of war. It would be more effective, and cheaper. A battalion of roughs or yokels would do more to prevent war than all the armaments that ever appeared in a vision to Kaiser Wilhelm.

The foregoing reflections came to me on the occasion of the last Drawing-Room. Just by Hyde Park Corner a horrible thing occurred.



MISS ANNE BEAUFORT-BEDDARD AS EMILIA.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

We were in line with carriages innumerable, and I noticed that there was a brougham just behind us whose occupant was the observed of all beholders. There were enthusiasts lining the paths ten deep, and every female was staring into this brougham. The coachman was biting his lips in vain endeavour to conceal a smile that spread from ear to ear, and at last a female voice in the crowd cried, "Ain't 'o' jus' luv'ly!" and there was a scarcely suppressed titter all along the line. A moment later the pressure of the traffic was removed, the brougham escaped and passed rapidly in the direction of the Albert Gate. I glanced inside. There was a military gentleman in full and fiery uniform; his head was bare; he carried his hat, with its waving cock-feathers, in one hand, and with the other he mopped his fevered brow. But his expression, in which terror and disgust struggled for mastery—no words of mine can do justice to it. I dare say the old gentleman could lead a cavalry charge; his decorations were suggestive of "hair-breadth 'scapes" of the imminent deadly breach"; but when he faced a crowd of his fellow-countrymen on chaffing bent, he was as a lamb among wolves. The nations have yet to estimate the power of chaff.

Everybody must remember how the sudden and unexpected death of the Duke of Clarence plunged the country into mourning at a moment when festivities were the order of the hour. The shopkeepers and manufacturers were very hard hit by the unfortunate occurrence. They had huge stocks of dresses and ornaments for a season of special gladness, and then everybody was compelled to abandon light apparel. The very big houses suffered tremendous losses, for their large and valuable stock was depreciated almost to zero. Once again a great occasion has come round, and manufacturers have to deal on a gigantic scale with light material. They are naturally anxious to run no more risks, and I hear that during the past few weeks heavy insurances have been effected upon her Majesty's life for the present year. The commission charged is five per cent. At first sight the proceeding appears to be somewhat offensive and lacking in good taste, yet on coming into practical discussion we must acknowledge that it is not altogether wrong. Her Majesty's subjects are all loyal, and I am sure that the manufacturers look forward with pleasure to writing off the five per cent. expenditure as a loss. Then, again, in these days of keen competition, profits are scarcely large enough to permit a risk that can be reasonably avoided. And yet, when all arguments *pro* and *con* have

been delivered, there is something unpleasant even though not easily defined in the proceeding. In certain City circles, where I first heard the matter discussed, the general opinion was one of surprise and uncertainty some thought the idea smart, others thought it was bad form. Certainly the charge that we are a nation of shopkeepers becomes more and more difficult to disprove. We may have as many virtues as are ascribed to us by the writers of the music-hall patriotic song, but the commercial side remains strongly developed, and in few cases has that development been more clearly shown.

While London still hangs fire over Mr. Thornycroft's statue of Boadicea, Londoners are well acquainted with the bloodhound of that name. In June 1892, when she was at the tender age of six weeks, she was purchased by Mr. Alfred Bowker, of Lark Hill, Winchester, from Dr. Hales Parry, of Norfolk. She boasts of a pedigree traceable for nineteen generations, as shown by the Kennel Club Stud-books, and supposed to be pure for two or three hundred years previous to that. Her family records contain the names of twenty-five champions, one part of the family having descended from Lord Bagot's pack, and being related also to the late Mr. Neville's hounds at Chilland. Sir Edwin Landseer's famous pictures, "Dignity and Impudence" and "The Sleeping Bloodhound," are the portraits of two of the ancestors of Mr. Bowker's dogs. While only a puppy, Boadicea was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, where she attracted general attention as a pup of great promise, and won three second prizes. At the Crystal Palace (Kennel Club) Show in April 1894 she won three first prizes, the thirty-guinea Crystal Palace challenge cup, and the championship prize for the best bloodhound bitch in that show. Many others of progeny mentioned are taking a prominent position in the dog



BOADICEA.

world, and all are hounds of remarkable beauty, having the long, narrow, peaked skull; the square and deep muzzle; the long, thin ears set low on the head, and hanging in graceful folds close to the face, which is splendidly wrinkled; the deep-set eyes, with triangular lids, showing the red haw; the overhanging upper lip; long neck, with profuse dewlaps, and all the other recognised points of this ancient, beautiful, and most interesting breed. Boadicea, who is by Champion Darby out of Plaintiff, is a grandly marked rich tan and black, with a typical head; and body, legs, and feet may be said to be absolutely perfect.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Photo taken at Port Elizabeth by A. G. Campbell.

to the little folks in fine feathers on the opposite page, and yet I fancy he—is it a he?—is none the less happy for his nakedness.

This picture of a little nigger strikes me as being a curious contrast

The Lord Provost of Glasgow, Mr. Richmond, has been giving a fancy-dress ball in the magnificent Municipal Buildings to the children who are his subjects. Four hundred and fifty little folk accepted the invitation, and had the pleasure of seeing Lord Kelvin, though I fear youth does not appreciate such greatness as his. The kilt, of course, was prominent, the tartan of nearly every clan being represented—and, indeed, I do not know a more handsome dress for a boy than a good tartan. Notable was Master Taylor, who figured as the Marquis of Lorne in the full-dress costume of a Highland chieftain, which included a doublet of black velvet with silver Celtic buttons, a

5th and 24th Foot. 1791-1796. Detroit. Governor St. Clair's defeat by the Indians. To representatives and descendants of officers stationed at Detroit within the above-mentioned dates. Information is desired as to a watch belonging to an American artillery officer purchased by one of the above officers from an Indian. Advertiser is anxious to repurchase the same.

I wonder how many people who read this in the advertisement pages of the *Times* the other morning understood what it was all about? And yet the facts are quite clear. In the year 1791 the American General St. Clair, with a strong force of horse, foot, and artillery, marched from Fort Washington and threaded his way along the banks of the Miami to



MASTER A. LAMBERTON AS AN ELIZABETHAN COURTIER.



MISS FRANCES CHALMERS AS ROSALIND.



MISS RUTH TULLIS AS WINTER.



MASTER DOUGAN AS A NEAPOLITAN FISHERMAN.



MASTER DOUGLAS TULLIS AS ROB ROY.



MASTER J. LAMBERTON AS A GEORGE III. CAVALIER.

COSTUMES AT THE LORD PROVOST'S CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL IN GLASGOW:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. RALSTON, GLASGOW.

vest of white silk, kilt, and plaid, with sporrans, dirks, and skean-dhus, brooches, and the rest of it. Then there were Highland pipers, Irishmen, Arabs, courtiers of various periods, cowboys, raiders, Pierrots, a Zulu, jesters, jockeys, Jack Tars, clowns, chiefs, students, peasants, Boy Blues, a Romeo, a Rosalind, a Lady Teazle, a firemaster, a Christy minstrel, a Dorsetshire waggoner, Gipsies, flower-girls, Pierrettes, the Seasons, Bo-peeps, geishas, fairies, a nun, Newhaven fishwives, Zingaris, witches, vivandières, Watteau shepherdesses, an Arctic explorer, milkmaids, Trilby, Sir Philip Sidney, Diana Vernons, Esmeraldas, and a jestress. I may add, by the way, that the costumes shown in this page were supplied through Messrs. Rowan, of Argyle Street, with the exception of that of the little girl in white.

what is now the boundary between Ohio and Indiana. Before the dawn of Nov. 3, his camp at the south-east source of the Wabash was attacked by a horde of Indians. The outposts were driven in, but the furious onslaughts of the savages were repeatedly checked by the cannon, until at last the pieces themselves were captured. Then the terrible hand-to-hand struggle became a massacre. Over nine hundred officers and men were killed or wounded, while of the women fifty were slain and two hundred taken prisoners. Some of the captives were burned at the stake. What horrors of the scalping-knife and death-dealing tomahawk are associated with the story of the long-lost timekeeper which was ticking away the last minutes of its owner's life when the fiendish war-whoop roused the sleeping camp on that fatal winter night!

Johannesburg is to have a theatre, in which Mr. Barnato is (appropriately) to have a great interest. The designer, Mr. G. W. Nicolay, was educated in the office of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., and was a successful student at the Royal Academy. The building will be a



THE PROPOSED THEATRE FOR JOHANNESBURG.

hotel and theatre combined, and will be constructed of brick with stone dressings. A novel feature of the block will be the basement, which will certainly be unique in South Africa. With the exception of the necessary entrances for the hotel and theatre, the ground floor is occupied principally with shops, about sixty in number, which extend all round the block of buildings and on each side of two arcades running north and south and east and west. The intersection of these arcades takes the form of an octagonal space, crowning which rises a glass dome forty feet in height and thirty-six feet in diameter. The theatre will be very handsome and thoroughly up to date. The entire block will cost £150,000. I do not know if a state box has been thought of for Oom Paul.

And Johannesburg is making some literary progress. One chronicler remarks that "Johannesburg has never posed as being a studious community," and that most people there are anxious to make money quickly, so as to return to England and resume their "mental culture." This brings before the mind's eye a touching picture of the sturdy gold-speculator shutting his eyes to the books for which his soul craves, and saying to himself, "No, I must not read now, or I shall delay my liberation from this hateful life of money-getting. When I have enough of the dross to live at home in moderate splendour, I will spend the rest of my days in the Reading-Room of the British Museum!" This helps me to understand why the Johannesburg Public Library suffers from comparative neglect.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Rand has no time for study. I am gratified to learn from the *Johannesburg Weekly Times* that *The Sketch* is "far ahead" of the other illustrated papers in the local estimation. This argues a sound intelligence, which may presently help the development of the Public Library. If *The Sketch* is not a guide to literature and the arts, what is it? Another sign of progress at Johannesburg is the appearance of the prison-van. Hitherto prisoners, innocent or guilty, have had to walk through the streets between court and gaol.



DR. CONAN DOYLE'S PROPOSED HOUSE AT HINDHEAD.

Reproduced by permission from the "Architect."

Now they make the journey in a handsome dark-green "Black Maria," with the Transvaal arms beautifully painted on the panels. The ventilation of this vehicle is described in terms of enthusiasm; but there seems to be no light in the interior. This is a pity, for the occupants of the van ought to be able to solace themselves with *The Sketch* in the course of the drive.

The Equatorial Lakes of Africa are generally imagined to have been discovered during the present reign, but there seems to be very little doubt, after all, that they were known by hearsay to the early slave-traders of the East Coast, and still more accurately to the Portuguese explorers of the seventeenth century. Stanley, indeed, alludes to the insertion of these vast sheets of fresh water on ancient Venetian maps. This much is certain, namely, that on the map contained in "A Grammar of Geography," written by Patrick Gordon, and published in London in 1716, the Nyanza Lakes are not only laid down with fair correctness, but they also figure as the sources of the Nile. To quote the words of an old sailor, "the whole book is a rarity."

Emboldened by the unqualified success with which their representation of "Henry V." last year was favoured, the boys of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, have just attempted "Hamlet" on a large scale. The whole performance, which lasted over three hours, went off without a single hitch, and, though abbreviated to suit a college stage, the acted story threaded its way through intact. The youthful actors personated their parts most intelligently, and with a natural *esprit* which astonished everyone. The fact that the college theatre was packed every night is of itself sufficient proof of the excellence of the acting and staging, and when is added to this the enthusiastic applause which greeted the appearance of the chief actors before the curtain, one can gauge the lively interest and appreciation the audiences must have had for all they



SCHOOL-BOYS IN "HAMLET."

Photo by F. T. Palmer.

had witnessed. The star of the piece was C. Carroll, a youth of fourteen, who took the rôle of Hamlet. His impersonation of the Danish Prince was truly marvellous, his elocution almost perfect, and in the interview between him and his mother, the Queen, his acting was so telling that the audience rose and applauded him vociferously. C. Dormer as Queen Gertrude, P. Moroney as Polonius, and A. Sibeth as King Claudius ably supported their chief, and, though A. Mackenzie as Laertes lacked spirit on several occasions, he fully made up for the fault by the *élan* and power he infused into his lines and movements in the funeral scene. Mr. Sebastian Meynell acted most effectively the part of Ghost.

I have received from Mr. William Chalmers, of Melbourne, an extraordinary "national souvenir of her Majesty's most glorious Record Reign." Mr. Chalmers is a "Caligraphist"; he writes with his right hand, he writes with his left hand, and he writes with both hands together. He is called—or calls himself—"the Champion Caligraphist of the World, Microscopic and Ambidexterous Penman," and he forwards to me, by way of demonstration, a circular piece of paper (surrounded by a gathering of unconvincing angels) upon which, though it is but the size of a threepenny-piece, he has managed to squeeze the Lord's Prayer three times. His celebration of the Record Reign, however, knocks this other achievement quite hollow. He has written on a Victorian post-card no less than 13,662 words by way of testifying his unshaken loyalty to the Queen. It is a funny way of testifying to your loyalty, but Mr. Chalmers has done it. Nobody in the world will ever be able to read one of the 13,662 words, but Mr. Chalmers has done it; and, if Mr. Chalmers desires to show his loyalty by doing that which nobody else has ever done before, all honour to Mr. Chalmers.

I noted the other day how popular Hindhead was becoming as a haven for the literary man. Here is the tent which Dr. Conan Doyle proposes to pitch according to the design of Mr. J. Henry Ball, A.R.I.B.A.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY'S PERFORMANCES.

Photographs by J. Soame, Oxford.



"THE KNIGHTS" OF ARISTOPHANES (ACT II., SCENE 2. THE PNYX, ATHENS): THE SAUSAGE-SELLER AND CLEON BEFORE THE CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.



SHAKSPERE'S "TAMING OF THE SHREW" (ACT V., SCENE 2): THE DANCE IN BAPTISTA'S HOUSE.

I hear that the production of "The Gondoliers" by the Orpheus Club of Glasgow was a great success. Produced by Mr. Herbert Marchmont, of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company, it was cleverly put on. Mr. A. E. Gulliland was that very knowing, easy-going, overflowing nobleman, the Duke of Plaza Toro, Mr. J. L. Taylor junior was Luiz, and Mr. McCallum the Grand Inquisitor. Miss Currie figured as the Duchess, and Miss Colquhoun and Miss McLaurin were the leading contadine.

The Albani company had an awful passage in coming home, but they are very pleased with the reception they got in Canada. The male artists of the tour are shown in the photograph which I reproduce. The basso was Mr. Lemprière Pringle, whom an Irish-Canadian local reporter lately described as being "handy with his voice and handy with his feet, a man of physique that men are fond of and women love." The allusion to feet refers to a sprinting competition, which, however, calls for no comment here. Lemprière Pringle was born at Hobart, in Tasmania, in 1869, and has for five years been one of the leading bassos of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. During that time he has filled no less than fifty-seven different rôles. Mr. Braxton Smith, the well-known tenor, began life as an architect, but gradually drifted into vocalism. He entered the profession in 1891, and immediately met with great success at the St. James's Hall Popular Concerts, at the Queen's Hall, at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts and Oratorio Festivals, and equal success has attended him during the entire tour through Canada. As for Signor Seppilli, the brilliant conductor, what can be said of him that has not been said already? Devoted to his calling, for many years conductor of Italian opera at Covent Garden, a general favourite, for the simple reason that true talent is seldom assertive or overbearing, the maestro has many friends, and probably fewer enemies than anybody similarly situated. During the recent tour across the great continent he certainly made many friends who will not soon forget him. Mr. Ernest Gye, the husband of Madame Albani, who is the central figure in the photograph, is too well known to need comment, though, upon the present occasion, he seems to be relating some anecdote which, to say the least, must be amusing his hearers. Then, to the right, we have Mr. Charles Harriss, the manager who accompanied the tour—a man of many tastes, great intellect, and infinite resource.

Mr. Chevalier, who came home in the same vessel, the *Lucania*, had a curious experience in a Western townlet in which two members of the company, two little sisters they were, had the misfortune, some years ago, to be born and brought up. Of course, they were well known there, consequently their relatives and friends and the inhabitants of the village generally were anxious to witness their performance. Now, as ill-luck would have it, one of these sisters was taken ill on the very day of performance, and, as one sister could not play without the assistance of the other, it became necessary at the last moment

to make an announcement from the stage to the effect that, owing to the sudden indisposition of one of the sisters, the management very greatly regretted that neither of them would be able to appear that evening, and, of course, a full explanation of the whys and wherefores was also given. The audience became so enraged upon hearing this that they set



"THE GONDOLIERS," BY THE ORPHEUS CLUB, GLASGOW.

"I am a courtier grave and stately, who is about to kiss your hand."

Photo by Langflier, Glasgow.

to work hissing, groaning, and hooting for all the world like a crowd of angry roughs at a football match. Every member of Mr. Chevalier's company was hissed and screamed at, and when he himself was half-way through one of his songs the noise became so unbearable that he rang down the curtain, and so ended the entertainment. That was the only disagreeable incident in connection with the tour.

Speaking of Canada, I note that the Indian Famine Fund has attained a remarkable success in the Dominion. I have been looking over the prodigiously long subscription lists in that very go-ahead Canadian journal, the *Montreal Daily Star*, which made the cause of the starving Indians its own in a very striking way. The total was, when the last mail left, a round thirty thousand dollars, and it is surprising to note how every corner of Canada seems represented, from Halifax on the Atlantic to Vancouver on the Pacific, and every class of Canadians, too. Mr. Laurier, the French-Canadian Premier, sends the small contribution of "a poor man," as he truly enough styles himself, and, to judge from the thousands of entries of dollars and cents, I should imagine that pretty well every Canadian family has sent its quota, for there are only five million souls all told in the Dominion. And, what is strangest of all, they talk of the poor Indian ryots as their "fellow subjects." Even Dr. Goldwin Smith will have to believe in the kinship of Empire after this. But whether he does or not, Canada may well feel proud of the two lakhs of rupees which she has already sent direct to India.

A woman failed to obtain a summons the other day against a neighbour who always annoyed her by putting out her tongue at her as she passed. Why should this action be deemed offensive? I suppose it should be classed with the hand-to-nose "business" of street-boys, and the biting of thumbs that helps on the brawl in "Romeo and Juliet."

With reference to the production by Mr. Edward Compton at Edinburgh of Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's play, "Henry Esmond," I might point out that an earlier stage version, by the late W. G. Wills, of Thackeray's immortal book was produced at St. George's Hall by the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club on Wednesday, June 21, 1893.

There is a strange story about Madame Calvé (after buying, with the proceeds of her American engagements, a fine castle and large estates in the Cevennes) having named the three mountains included in her new lands "Carmen," "Cavalleria," and "Navarraise." Picturesquely imaginative on her part, certainly.

Miss Vera Beringer's engagement to play the sympathetic part of Aileen Millar in "In Sight of St. Paul's" should help to form fully the style of that very clever quondam exponent of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Experience and practice are just what Miss Vera Beringer now wants.



THE MALE ARTISTS IN THE ALBANI TOUR.

Photo by Kennedy and Bell, Toronto.

RUNNING JOEYS, WALLABIES, AND OLD-MEN KANGAROOS.

One hundred and twenty-six years have passed since Europeans made the acquaintance of the kangaroo. One of Captain Cook's sailors, when the *Endeavour* was laid ashore for repairs on the coast of that part of Australia now known as Queensland, made a short excursion inland, and brought back information of an animal "about as large and much like a one-gallon egg, as black as the devil, and had two horns on its head; it went but slowly, but I dared not touch it." The naturalist of the *Endeavour*, afterwards the great Sir Joseph Banks, remarked in his diary, recently published for the first time, that the sailor's description was rather too technical and seamanlike to be quite accurate, and added that "this animal is called by the natives *kangooroo*." With the laying

of the "joey," as the colonists call it, grow so intimately together, that the embryo kangaroo appears as a part of the teat and cannot be removed without using a considerable degree of force. No doubt this appearance gave rise to the belief that young kangaroos were produced by a species of nipple-budding. After some time the union between the nipple and the young one breaks down, so that the "joey" may leave the pouch and run about among its elders, seeking refuge in the mother's pouch at the slightest appearance of danger even when as big as a lamb.

Kangaroos thrive and breed very well in the "Zoo," and it has been proposed to introduce them into this country. Even in the cold season here, when the thermometer sinks far below what it ever does in Australia, the specimens in the "Zoo," although quite exposed to the weather, appear in perfectly good health, and there can be no doubt they could be successfully introduced into England. But who wants them?



THE GREAT KANGAROO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

up of the *Endeavour* began our acquaintance with those extraordinary pouched or marsupial animals of Australia. Never before had there been, and there can never be again, such a slump addition to the animal kingdom. All at once naturalists were introduced to an animal world that was believed to have passed from off the face of the earth.

The kangaroo is the best-known and most typical of all the marsupial animals. Yet many superstitions and ill-founded popular beliefs still persist concerning this animal, especially in connection with its manner of producing young. A year or two ago, while staying with a very intelligent "squatter" on his large station in the "back blocks" of New South Wales, I was surprised to find that he still clung tenaciously to the old theory that the young of kangaroos were produced as buds, sprouting from the tips of the female's nipples. He was quite sceptical of the observation Sir Richard Owen made about sixty years ago on the kangaroo living in the "Zoo." Owen found that the young were born not much bigger than the young of mice, and that the mother kangaroo, either by her short fore-feet or by her lips, or both combined, lifted the helpless, callow little thing into her capacious abdominal pouch, where it at once instinctively sought for a teat. The skin of the teat and the lips

The Australian stock-owners do not even bewail the fact that kangaroos of all sorts, large and small, old-men kangaroos, "foresters," "boomers," wallabies of all kinds, are on the high road to extinction, but delight rather in helping them along that road. They would not give a single ewe lamb for a "mob" of kangaroos, and a "new chum" never asks for kangaroo-tail soup twice.

They afford good sport, of course; but all flavour of sport departs when you kill an animal of necessity, especially if that animal be regarded as a pest. Still, kangaroo-stalking is not half bad fun, and requires a deal of care, especially in those districts where the animal has been decimated. When hunted on horseback, the peculiar manner in which the kangaroo hops and bounds along strikes the rider as being so grotesque as almost to make him lose his seat in the saddle. In the "Zoo" the kangaroo always strikes me as being out of place, for, with the dreary, greyish, monotonous bush as a background, it is a most picturesque animal. The bush is a very melancholy wilderness at the best, and it will become even more so when the aborigines, kangaroos, and emus have disappeared before the white man with his horse, sheep, and ploughshare.



"GOOD-NIGHT TO YOU!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

TWO PRETTY GIRLS AND A CHAPERON.

BY S. MACNAUGHTAN.

When those two excessively pretty girls, Lætitia and Gwendoline Spier, persuaded the old family doctor to order them to St. Moritz for the summer, their mother, that most excellent and particular of women, was in despair.

"It is not that I am anxious about your nervous headaches," she explained to Gwendoline, who, being tender-hearted, was beginning to relent, and to say that the curious pain just at the back of her head, where the knot came, was certainly not so severe as it had been; "all girls have headaches when the Season is over, and I believe a few weeks in the country would entirely cure you both. But if Dr. Gallaway says you must go to Switzerland, whom can I send with you? That is the first consideration."

"Don't mention her name to me," was all the answer she vouchsafed to either of the girls, when they suggested any matron of their acquaintance, whose party they might join, or who might consent to go with them. "I know what matrons are. As for joining a party, I know too well what that means, and I won't hear of it for an instant."

In fact, this excellent mother had difficulties ready to meet every suggestion, and her objections were mingled with so many dark and mysterious utterances that it was impossible to combat them.

"We must think of someone suitable soon," said Lætitia to Gwendoline, one night in the privacy of their own room, "or I really believe that mamma will abandon papa and his gout and come with us."

"Oh, poor papa! She couldn't!" said Gwendoline.

"And poor us!" quoth Lætitia. She was a more outspoken girl than her sister, and she had been chaperoned—carefully chaperoned—by her mother for two years longer than the younger girl.

"I suppose," said Gwendoline, sitting up in bed and clasping her hands about her knees, "that mamma would not think of asking Miss Keats to go with us?"

"Miss Keats!" cried Lætitia, pausing in the act of brushing her hair and laying her brush on the table. "Do you know, Gwen, I don't think that is at all a bad suggestion."

"Of course, she is only thirty-six," said Gwendoline doubtfully, "and she isn't married."

"But she looks *fifty*," interrupted Lætitia joyfully, "and she is as ugly as she can be, and as prim—oh, as prim as—as they make!"

"And I'm sure no man has ever *looked* at her," quoth Gwendoline. "She won't always be running away from us, as mamma says married women would be certain to do."

"Oh, we'll arrange that somehow," said Lætitia; "we can climb hills, or do something she can't do."

The following day, Lætitia's headache having become much worse, Gwendoline suggested to her mother that, if they went to St. Moritz, Miss Keats should accompany them. Miss Keats was always to be had; she never had any engagements, she would enjoy the trip, and she would doubtless make a conscientious chaperon.

"I really believe," said the excellent Lady Spier, "that, as I cannot go myself, there is no one who would prove a more trustworthy substitute than Miss Keats. But I must have a little talk with her first."

The talk lasted from three o'clock till six o'clock the next afternoon, and a telegram summoned Miss Keats for a further conference on the day following. On subsequent occasions, Miss Keats came supplied with a note-book, which she soon filled with her patroness's directions.

"Underline that," Lady Spier would say, as her humble friend nervously jotted down some rule of conduct to be observed by her and her charges. "And send me a daily report of everything that occurs, together with a list of the visitors who are staying at the hotel, and a special list of those people who may form an acquaintance with my daughters. Spend your evenings as much as possible in the private sitting-room which I have engaged for you and the girls, unless there is a concert or play which they wish to attend. Put that in brackets, please. Remember, I never allow the girls to dance at hotels. I have no objection to picnics, but I must request you never to let my daughters out of your sight on *any* expedition. Avoid hill-climbing as much as possible, unless the doctor out there recommends it for nerves."

Miss Keats moistened her pencil in a homely fashion, and began a fresh page of her note-book.

"You must on no account allow *any* man to speak to the girls unless he has been formally introduced to them by desirable friends. Underline that, please, and put a double line under 'no' and 'any.' I almost wish I had asked you to write that down in red ink; but never mind. Above all things, remember that I do not wish the girls to become *intimate* with *any* gentlemen whom they may meet. I know what hotels are."

Her ladyship was once more relapsing into dark and mysterious allusions, and Miss Keats trembled at the responsibility she had undertaken.

"These married ladies have such knowledge of the world," the poor little woman said to herself, as she lay awake half the night thinking over the dangers before her; "and, if they would only be more explicit, one could be on one's guard. However, I suppose the one safe rule is to avoid gentlemen entirely. I must entreat the girls to be careful in this respect, and then I feel sure no troubles can arise from our stay in Switzerland."

Thus, half-comforted, though still burdened with many mysterious

misgivings, Miss Keats fell asleep. And the following day she and her charges started for the Continent.

There was gathered together on the platform of Victoria Station a goodly concourse of people to bid the two pretty Misses Spier farewell and "Bon voyage." A footman and a maid shared the responsibility of keeping their eye upon the two new dress-baskets which were to accompany the young ladies, while the girls' own maid, with a dressing-bag on each side of her, kept a jealous eye on the bonnet-boxes. Some girl-friends, in light dresses and flowered hats, had brought packets of chocolate to beguile the tedium of the journey to the fair travellers, and these they pressed into their young friends' hands with soft congratulatory murmurs, unintelligible save to the ears of Lætitia and Gwendoline.

There was much waving of hands as the train started, and the girls leaned out of the window of the railway-carriage and sent back smiles and nods in return.

"I almost wish," said Miss Keats to herself, "that I had asked Mrs. Timms to allow Charlotte to come and see me off. It would not have delayed the child's work much, and I should have liked to wave my hand to someone."

"And now," said Lætitia, with a beautiful smile, as she leaned back in her seat and stretched out her arms with an ecstatic gesture, "let us realise that this is an opportunity which may never occur again, and let us make the most of it."

"The difficulty," said the gentle Gwendoline, "is to know where to begin. Were we boys, we might get into mischief before we reach Dover, but there seems so little scope for girls."

"That is true," said Lætitia thoughtfully; "but do not despair. Miss Keats's note-book might perhaps furnish us with some hints. If we study that, and do all the things against which mamma warns us, I do not think we can fail to have a really nice time. Miss Keats, will you kindly give me your note-book which I saw you reading just now?"

"My dears," said Miss Keats, flushing painfully, "pray do not suggest such a thing. I should consider that I was betraying a sacred trust if I allowed you to see your mother's directions to me."

"Miss Keats," said Lætitia, "I gather from your manner that you have never known what it is to be chaperoned within an inch of your life?"

And this, Miss Keats was fain to admit, was perfectly true.

I do not myself know if there is any rule or regulation whereby any of her Majesty's subjects are forbidden to walk on Dover Pier when they please, and I cannot—nor, indeed, can Miss Keats—find any just cause why, on this particular day in July, a very tall and very handsome person, whom the girls introduced as their cousin Richard, should not happen to be strolling there. It was just one of those coincidences over which neither chaperons nor historians have any control; but it added greatly to Miss Keats's uneasiness. And when addresses were exchanged at parting, and Lætitia was heard to murmur to her sister, "Poor old Dick! he certainly is very dull, but, after all, it is only a beginning," the uneasiness of their chaperon deepened to panic, and her sleep that night was broken by troubled dreams.

But, after all, St. Moritz is not overrun with young men in the summer season, and for three whole days Miss Keats was at perfect peace. The girls did a little sketching, a little walking, and a little driving, and Miss Keats sketched and walked and drove with them. She also took little journeys to the village by herself, and bought olive-wood souvenirs for all her friends at home. She sat in the big, ugly, red velvet drawing-room in the afternoons, with her pretty charges on each side of her, and they listened to the band till it was time to walk or drive. And early in the evenings they retired to their own sitting-room. It was a serene and peaceful time, and little Miss Keats's pale cheeks grew quite pink, and all the tired lines smoothed themselves out of her face, and her eyes looked like the happy eyes of a child.

It was on the fourth day that the change came over the spirit of the dream. And the cause of the change seemed at the time to be so natural, so happy even. It happened in this wise. Gwendoline had a godmother—one, Lady Victoria Leith—and this august personage, accompanied by her poodle, her maid, her daughter, and her son, arrived at the Kulm Hotel one evening. And with them, there happened to be travelling a certain Mr. Charlton, a friend of the son. The two parties, of course, amalgamated at once, and Mr. Charlton was formally introduced. So far, all was well. But of the excursions and picnics that followed the arrival of the Leiths, it was not possible to write home with so much assurance.

"I do hope I'm not concealing anything," Miss Keats used to say to herself, stopping in the midst of writing her daily bulletin to the girls' mamma, and clasping her hands with an agonised gesture. "Perhaps I ought to tell Lady Spier that I find it quite impossible to remain with both the girls when they always will go in different directions. And I cannot but admit that Gwendoline and Lætitia are on intimate terms with Mr. Charlton. (Yes," referring to her note-book, "'the girls are not to become *intimate* with *any* gentlemen. Her ladyship knows what hotels are.") Still, he is a personal friend of the Leiths, and, considering the short time they are to remain here, I do not think I need disturb dear Lady Spier's peace of mind upon the subject."

But when Lady Victoria, her poodle, her maid, her son, and her daughter departed from St. Moritz, and when Mr. Charlton, with no excuse in the world, remained behind; when, moreover, the picnics, the walks, and the expeditions still continued—then, indeed, Miss Keats felt the awful responsibility and seriousness of the situation.

"He was formally introduced by personal friends," she reiterated to herself, as she read her note-book of directions. "And I'm sure a truer gentleman never lived. Even to me his courtesy has been so kind, so particularly kind and pleasant! And he was formally introduced."

She delayed for the present to disturb her patroness's peace of mind upon the subject of Mr. Charlton.

"Gwendoline," said Lætitia, "which of us is it?"

"I don't know," said Gwendoline; "he puzzles me."

"I hate a man who dangles," remarked Lætitia; "it is so unsatisfactory."

"I think he admires *you* most," said Gwendoline.

"I thought so, too, up till last Sunday," remarked Lætitia calmly; "but he went to church with you, which is generally a sure sign; and in the afternoon you went for a long walk together."

"Miss Keats was with us all the time."

"Miss Keats doesn't count."

"And he didn't say anything to make me think——"

"He never does. If it hangs on much longer," said Lætitia grimly, "I shall say we are going away. Perhaps that will make *him* think."

"Letty," cried Gwendoline, "you wouldn't think of marrying him, would you?"

"I don't know," replied Lætitia; "it would be a splendid ending to come back engaged to a man whom I had picked up at a hotel."

"He isn't a bit that sort of person——"

"I unconsciously quoted what I believe would be mamma's view of the subject."

"He belongs to a very old family, I know, for the Leiths said so; and he must be well off, for he told me he had a yacht."

"He told you that! Did he ask if you ever got sea-sick? Then, Gwendoline, to-morrow I inaugurate an expedition to the Beverstahl! I shall have that nice boy who talks slang, Mr. Charlton shall look after you on our rambles by stream and flood, and Miss Keats must get lost."

"She generally packs up the hampers after luncheon," said Gwendoline, "and we could stroll on, couldn't we?"

"We could," assented her sister; "and, if nothing happens, I shall tell Mr. Charlton we are returning to England immediately. He had no business to ask you if you were ever sea-sick, unless he meant something."

(There were times when the elder Miss Spier's manner reminded one a little of her excellent mother.)

The nice boy who talked slang and Mr. Charlton were both delighted to come to the Beverstahl on the following day, and everything promised to go smoothly. The nice boy said it was a ripping plan, and Miss Keats was in a flutter of gratitude because her charges had promised to drive to the scene of the picnic with her, and allow the gentlemen to find their own way to the spot chosen for luncheon.

"The expedition will be rather awkward to arrange," Gwendoline had said to her sister. "Remember, Lætitia, I will *not* sit opposite a man who may be in love with me for two mortal hours. I do not know a more trying position."

"It always makes me go to sleep," Lætitia had replied; "but I dare say it will be better for us to drive over with Miss Keats, and Mr. Charlton and the Tempest boy can find their own way to the valley. What shall we wear?"

The white serges were the toilettes decided upon, and in the white serges the two Misses Spier looked prettier than ever. Indeed, it would have been hard to say, as the two fair creatures stood on the steps of the hotel that August morning, which was the lovelier.

Miss Keats surveyed them both with honest admiration. "My dears, you look charming!" she exclaimed, her gentle face aglow with pleasure, and her eyes full of childish delight at the unmitigated pleasure of the day before them; "and the new fronts are quite a success, I think." She picked a stray thread off one of the pale-blue blouses (which she and the girls' maid had sat up half the night to finish) and gave a proprietary pat to one of the collars which she had turned. "You must take your warm cloaks," she continued, "and I have a pair of dry stockings for each of you, in case you get your feet wet."

"Dear old fussy!" said Gwendoline, giving her a kiss.

The drive and the luncheon proved delightful. The slangy boy talked slang, and wished he had brought his banjo; and Mr. Charlton, from whose ripper years greater gravity might have been expected, behaved like a schoolboy out for a holiday.

"*A convincing proof*," said Lætitia to herself, with emphasis; "they are always wildly tragic or idiotically happy just before they propose."

She linked her arm in her sister's and suggested, in the most natural manner, a stroll after luncheon. And then (Miss Keats never knew how it happened) the two gentlemen and her pretty charges disappeared—vanished, as it were—and she was left alone with the luncheon-baskets. She looked round blankly, then called the girls by name, and walked a little way up the side of the river and down again.

"The hotel spoons," she murmured—"if it were not for the hotel spoons, I would endeavour to follow them." She sat down on a luncheon-basket, and her spirit was torn by the conflicting claims upon her care. To-day, a crisis seemed to have been reached. In imagination, she saw herself writing a full confession to Lady Spier, in which the girls' intimacy with Mr. Charlton, their new friendship with the slangy young man, and her own shortcomings as a chaperon should be fully confessed. Concealment was no longer possible, "for if," argued the little woman, with a queer mixture of candour and prudence, "Lady Spier were ever to hear anything of this from any other source than myself, she would find it harder than ever to forgive me. Indeed, indeed, I feel I have not been candid with her ladyship, and whatever happens I shall

know is my fault." She rocked herself to and fro on the hamper and clasped her hands together.

"This trip has been too pleasant; I have been too happy; it was bound to end in disaster!" she moaned, with the pathetic fatalism of those to whom happiness is a rare and therefore a dangerous possession. "Oh, if only the girls would come back!"

Some heavy drops of rain splashed into the brawling river; and a peal of thunder sounded overhead.

"It is a judgment!" exclaimed Miss Keats, and she covered her face with her hands.

The next moment she discovered that her fair charges had left their cloaks behind. They must, therefore, be without wraps of any sort. The spoons were forgotten! Miss Keats sprang to her feet, and, rolling the two fawn-coloured capes in her own waterproof to keep them dry, she hurried up the river-side.

"Lætitia! Gwendoline!" she called. "Oh!——"

This last was an exclamation of pain, for Miss Keats had slipped on some sharp stones and had cut her foot badly. She forgot everything for a time. The thunder rolled overhead, the rain pattered down on her sad little upturned face, and Miss Keats, still clasping the cloaks in her arms, lay unconscious on the grass.

"Are you hurt? I came back to look for you."

In a dreamy way Miss Keats thought she heard someone say this to her. Then she found that the two little fawn capes were being rolled up into a pillow for her head, and this restored her to full consciousness.

"They are their best capes," she said faintly, putting the pillow aside.

"Oh, Mr. Charlton, my foot!"

"I'm afraid you have hurt it badly," said he; "you must let me bathe it."

"I could not dream of such a thing," said Miss Keats. She hastily covered the injured member with her skirt, and wondered painfully how much of her stocking had been visible during her unconsciousness.

"I think you must submit," said Mr. Charlton.

And then (Miss Keats thinks she must have become faint again, for she never remembers giving her consent to such a thing) she found herself sitting by the river, having her foot bathed in a shallow pool. She found, too (a circumstance which she also attributes to faintness), that presently she was sitting in the carriage with Mr. Charlton, and that they were driving homewards together.

The air revived her, and, with returning consciousness, Miss Keats's conscience awoke.

"I must entreat you to allow me to go back," she said; "I cannot leave the girls unprotected."

"Mr. Tempest will look after them," replied Charlton.

"But he is a *man*!" exclaimed Miss Keats in a tragic voice.

"Well, so am I, you know," said Mr. Charlton, and just a beginning of a smile passed across his face.

"I know what men are," quoth Miss Keats, hoping to quell him with one of Lady Spier's dark sayings. Though it may confidently be affirmed that no one had a more limited acquaintance with men-kind than Miss Keats.

"The girls will look after each other," said Mr. Charlton, speaking with much seriousness; "and see, their carriage is not far behind ours."

After that Miss Keats allowed herself to submit to the inevitable, and that night she made a remarkable entry in her diary—

"*I do not believe all men are bad.*"

"I'll underline it!" she exclaimed defiantly. She even glanced about to see if she could find any red ink.

"And, miserably though I have failed in my duties," she wrote on, "I cannot but feel that, whichever of the dear girls it is that Mr. Charlton admires, she could have no happier lot than to be his wife."

Quite at the bottom of the page she wrote in pencil, "How nice it must be to have someone to take care of one!"

Miss Keats slept badly all night. Her foot hurt her, and the thought of the letter which she would have to write to Lady Spier weighed heavily upon her mind. In the morning she established herself on the sitting-room sofa, with her bandaged foot in an easy position; but she had hardly opened her portfolio and written, "Dear Lady Spier," when a bulky letter was brought to her, and at the sight thereof Miss Keats trembled.

"When I do a thing, I like to do it well," Lady Spier had often said. And there is no doubt about it that the sixteen closely written pages which she sent to Miss Keats were clear and to the point. There was, indeed, a thoroughness and directness about her attack on the little woman which were proof of her ladyship's efforts to do things *well*. Her argument was clear, concise, well sustained. She did not miss a single point, nor, it may be said, did she spare a single opportunity of wounding the sensitive lady to whom she directed her letter.

Firstly, Miss Keats had been careless, unscrupulous, and deceitful. The result (to be brief) was, that she had ruined the girls' chances in life. Yes, Lady Spier had heard from two different sources, that everybody at St. Moritz was saying that one of the girls was engaged to a Mr. Charlton—a mere hotel acquaintance—who was staying there; and how did Miss Keats imagine that they could ever hope or expect to marry well, after having been gossiped about in this way? Upon Miss Keats's head would rest the responsibility of seeing the girls unhappily married or pining in lonely spinsterhood.

Secondly, the "flagrant disobedience" of Miss Keats was touched upon. Had she no written directions that she dared to act contrary to all her ladyship's wishes? Had hill-climbing been avoided? Had they

remained in their own sitting-room in the evening? No, or the names of Lætitia and Gwendoline Spier would not now be on every vulgar tourist's tongue.

Having expressed her feelings with admirable clearness in fifteen pages, paragraph 12, page 16, contained Lady Spier's orders—

You and the girls will leave St. Moritz on Thursday, the day after you receive this letter. Until your departure, I forbid the girls to see this Mr. Charlton. As you seem to have no control over them, you will oblige me by speaking to the man yourself and telling him that I do not desire his acquaintance for my daughters.

"There will be nothing of you left if you cry like that," said Lætitia. "Do cheer up. Mamma is not a person to be taken seriously."

"Her grandfather was a hanging judge," quoth Gwendoline, sobbing a little from sympathy. "Letty and I think it accounts for so much in mamma."

"And mamma can't hang you," said Lætitia cheerfully; "it ought to be a great comfort to you to think of that."

"I deserve every word she says," said Miss Keats, raising her tear-stained face from the pillow. And her tone said quite plainly,

She had not anticipated—how should she?—that a big sob would rise in her throat, making her little set speech most difficult of utterance. Ah, why was Lady Spier so cruel? Surely, if she only knew, she could desire no better husband for Lætitia or Gwendoline than this brave, courteous gentleman.

"Mr. Charlton," said Miss Keats, "I asked you to come here to tell you that we are leaving for England to-morrow. May I beg that, until our departure, you hold no communication of any sort with either of the Misses Spier?"

Mr. Charlton bowed.

And then the big sob which had for so long threatened to choke Miss Keats broke into a dozen little sobs, all tumbling over one another and making her voice shake. "Oh," she cried, "we have all liked you so much, so very much! Only Lady Spier is so particular! I mean, please do not mistake me; I mean, she doesn't know you. If she did, she could have no objection to make."

"Who knows," replied Mr. Charlton imperturbably, "that Lady Spier and I will not one day be the best of friends?"



Drawn by A. B. Wenzell]

"Did you have your breakfast, Colonel?"

"Yes, for a little while."

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"I deserve to be hanged." "Oh, my dears, if I have ruined your chances in life, what shall I do? I am so sorry!"

Both the girls smiled.

"And now," continued the little woman, "I must wound the feelings of a courteous, honourable gentleman by telling him he must not speak to you again?"

"Gwendoline shall do that," said Lætitia quickly. "I saw her opportunity the instant you told me what mamma had said."

"But she says you are not to speak to him again," cried Miss Keats.

Lætitia glanced at Miss Keats's lame foot, and gave in gracefully.

"Gwendoline can wait about in the hall till you have finished. You had better send a waiter to Mr. Charlton, and ask him to come here and see you. I," continued Lætitia airily, "will wait in my bedroom: it will give you moral courage to know I am so near."

And, indeed, Miss Keats felt that she wanted all the courage she could muster. She dried her tears and sat upright on the sofa, her cheeks flushed and her eyes still bright with weeping. Her lips moved in prayer. It was all so real to Miss Keats—she saw life and all its little incidents from such a tragic point of view.

"How is the foot?" said Mr. Charlton kindly, when he had entered and had seated himself on a red velvet chair near the sofa.

The interview was going to be worse than Miss Keats expected. She had not calculated upon the possibility of Mr. Charlton inquiring kindly about her foot, nor upon his sitting on a red velvet chair near the sofa.

"You will go and see her?" cried Miss Keats joyfully. "Then it will be all right! And if I can help in any way you will let me know. I do not yet know," blushing a little, "which of the girls it is that——"

"It is neither of the girls," said Mr. Charlton.

Was it possible that there was a slight gasp heard from the inner chamber where Lætitia waited?

"Dear lady," he continued gently, and he left the red velvet chair and came over and knelt beside Miss Keats's sofa and took her hand in his, "will you really help me? Will you let me tell you how much I care for you? Ah, you little gentle person, is it so hard to convince you that I love you? Don't you know that I have thought of no one but you since the very first time I met you?"

"Oh!" said Miss Keats, "not that very first time, when I was so tired, and you helped me to carry the girls' railway-rugs——"

"Yes," said Charlton; "but now I am going to take care of you, and you must never carry railway-rugs any more."

A door closed with a bang on the further side of the inner room, and the next moment the elder Miss Spier was seen descending the hotel staircase in a hurry.

To her younger sister, whom she approached with her usual briskness, she addressed the following pregnant remark—

"Don't sit there looking so—so *idiotic*, Gwendoline. Go and write to mamma at once, and say we knew it was Miss Keats all the time. And congratulate me, dear; I am engaged to Richard."

EMILY SOLDENE, ACTRESS—AND NOVELIST.*

One warm night in July, 1893, I strolled into the Criterion Theatre to see the revival of "La Fille de Madame Angot." Lecocq's bright music awakened many memories, for I saw in Mdlle. Lange not so much Miss Amy Augarde as her predecessor at the Gaiety just



MISS SOLDENE AS MDLLE. LANGE IN "LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT" (1873).

twenty years before, to wit, Miss Emily Soldene; and, thinking of Emily Soldene, my fancy strayed back to the early 'seventies, when as an eager youth I became devoted to the footlights of the Philharmonic, with all the fervour that parental disapproval of the playhouse had slowly and surely stored up. Thus it was that *The Sketch* of Aug. 16, 1893, contained a paragraph by me recalling those early days; and, of Emily Soldene, I asked, "Where is she now?" Echo did not answer, "Where?" It distinctly said, "At Sydney," for thence within a few weeks came a long, chatty letter from Miss Soldene, who told me, "I am quite a newspaper woman now." She was as good as her word, and in the following

August I published the first of her "Theatrical Recollections," which struck me as being so very frank that I thought fit to exercise the blue pencil on the goddess whom I had worshipped from afar as a bashful boy. Now these articles were the basis of Miss Soldene's "Recollections," though I regret to say she does not mention *The Sketch* at all; and thus you will understand how much I have been interested by this bright, entertaining autobiography, the work of a woman who has the sense of comedy to her finger-tips.

Besides being the godchild of *The Sketch*, this book interests me on its own account, because it is frank—some say, scandalous—fresh, facetious, and flippant in a salutary way. For we are all apt to take the actor very seriously, and, as his art dies with him, he is apt to be a large-eyed egotist. Now Miss Soldene has detached herself from the histrionic arena where she disported to the delight of my youthful imagination, and she is able to look back on it all to-day with the commonsense perspective of the outside world, so that she is indisposed to take either herself or her merry *confrères* very seriously. Other players may have her humour, her observation, and her candour; where she scores is in being able, as a "newspaper woman," to tell her own story in prose that may not be classic, but has the sound of the human voice in every sentence. Think what she has to bring to the surface in that mysterious Bohemian stageland which she inhabited from 1864 down to 1886—so far as London is concerned. The pieces in which she made her name—"The Grand Duchess," "Geneviève de Brabant," and "La Fille de Madame Angot"—are great landmarks in



MISS SOLDENE AS DROGAN IN "GENEVIÈVE DE BRABANT" (1871).

modern stage history, unusually interesting at this moment in view of that revival of comic opera which the prophets foretell. But the personal background of it all is a revelation. The green-room in print is novel, and the "Johnnies" of the 'sixties and the early 'seventies are curious in view of their middle-aged responsibility in 1897.

Miss Soldene was born—ah, when?—at Islington, began studying singing in 1864, made her début at St. James's Hall in the presence of Patti and Albani, and was praised by the *Telegraph*—which was "probably not uninspired"—for her début at the Lane as Azucena in "Il Trovatore" in 1865. As "Miss FitzHenry," she made a success at the Canterbury and the Oxford, where her colleagues included three Hungarian dancers, Imre, Bolossy, and Aniola Kiralfy; the Mr. Stead whose song "The Perfect Cure" was positively pathetic; to say nothing of the veteran Mr. Charles Morton, whose start in life, as told in print, might make him very angry if he were a haughty old gentleman. At the Alhambra a certain Miss Whitbread was engaged in front, figuring to-day as Mrs. Bernard Beere, while a millionaire Hebrew, with a son Alfred, used to go behind. Who was Alfred?

Then Miss Soldene found her way to the Lyceum and "Chilperic," where the girls stuffed their shapeless "trunks" with the *Daily Telegraph*, where Miss Mabel Love's mamma figured, where Hervé (who died of a newspaper criticism in 1892) posed, and where she met the great Henry Brougham Farnie, who "never allowed anything in the way of a deputy or anything else to come between himself" and the ladies of the chorus. Then she set herself to regenerate her native Islington by giving condensed opera at the "Dustbin," which blossomed into the Philharmonic and ultimately into the Grand Theatre. All the town went to the Philharmonic, including the Prince.

Some went "behind," the "awfully-jolly-girls-don't-cher-knows" brigade including Sir Horace Farquhar (now controlling the Prince's Hospital Fund), Lord Gerard, Lord Rodney, Lord Mayo, and so on. When, in 1873, "Madame Angot" was given at the Gaiety, the gentlemen who went behind included Lord Macduff (to-day "his Grace"), Mr. Douglas Straight (to-day the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), and Lord Rosebery. The night I saw "Madame Angot" at the Criterion his lordship was Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Then Miss Soldene blossomed out as lessee of the Lyceum, telling, with her usual candour, how she wanted to bring down the curtain herself, while "La Fille de Madame Angot"



MISS SOLDENE IN 1896.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

really ends with Clairette. She had "the might instead of the right," and Madame Selina Dolaro's artistic objections gave way.

From the time America lured her to its shores, in the early 'seventies, Miss Soldene led a nomadic life, and became less familiar to the English playgoer. She learned a great deal, I think, from America. The Yankee pressmen spoke of her troupe as being magnetic and massive. A Chicago paper declared that her mouth was so big that it would need two men to kiss her; and another critic, whom she does not quote, used to say that there were three mouths in America—the Mississippi, the Missouri, and Miss Emily Soldene. In due course she assimilated this peculiar transatlantic style of personal observation, and that it is which makes her book so very lively. For example, she declares that Captain Richard Barton "Indian-inked himself a lot." She tells strange stories of gentlemen who are old and staid, and her descriptions of rehearsals and dressing in the old days are remarkably frank.

From 1892 to 1895 she resided at Sydney, whence she has returned, "enticed by a business *ignis fatuus*." When this will-o'-the-wisp "disappeared in splenic incapacity," "out of the darkness rose a gleam of light which disclosed a bottle of ink and a pen." She "seized the chance . . . and also the pen, and for three years pursued the congenial occupation of pulling the beam from my cosmopolitan neighbour's eye, oblivious to the mote in my own." Her novel, "Young Mrs. Staples," is the latest outcome of her capacity as author. Though written some time ago, the main incident in it has been rather discounted by the appearance of Mrs. Oscar Beringer's latest novel, "The New Virtue," which anticipated its appearance. But that, of course, does not invalidate Miss Soldene's invention. "Young Mrs. Staples," if a little crude as a whole, is very human, and, as a mere story, it carries the reader on from point to point. Thousands of English-speaking people whom she has charmed and amused will not readily forget Emily Soldene. Certainly not I. Perchance she may again amuse us on the stage, for it is noticeable that nowhere does she speak of her last appearance.

* "My Theatrical and Musical Recollections." By Emily Soldene. London: Downey and Co.
"Young Mrs. Staples: a Novel." By Emily Soldene. London: Downey and Co.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

In the steady but certain advance towards a standard of high art in connection with photography, no small part is being played by Australian photographers, chief among whom must be placed Mr. H. Walter Barnett, the "Falk" of the Australasian Colonies, whose excellent work has on numerous occasions adorned these pages. Among camera-men, who are too prone to rest content with mediocre achievements in conventional posing, Mr. Barnett has for years been a bright and gratifying exception, his work at the large Falk Studios in Melbourne

high artistic order, well qualified to be placed on the same plane as some of the best effects produced by canvas and paint. Of the quality of his work, the study of "Spring," reproduced here, will give some indication. There is something more than the ordinary photographic literalness in its composition. It is a picture in the true artistic meaning of the word.

The Painter-Etchers' Exhibition at Pall Mall, if perhaps not quite supremely excellent in the best kind of work, keeps up, nevertheless, the



SPRING.

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. H. WALTER BARNETT, OF THE FALK STUDIOS, MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY.

and Sydney having gained recognition and admiration everywhere for its freshness of treatment and artistic effect. Mr. Barnett is of the new school of photographers, who disdain the easy literalism of dull mechanical accuracy. He is proving that, with all its limitations, photography is just as capable of expressing beauty, feeling, sentiment, and thought as picture-painting—that, in short, photography, properly utilised, is, to a large extent, a creative art. Having an artist's taste and an artist's perception of the value of point of view and the accentuation of the best points in a sitter, Mr. Barnett is able to produce work of an exceptionally

average excellence of former years. Still, there is no lack of extremely interesting and even masterly work, exemplified chiefly in the contributions of Mr. Legros and Mr. Helleu. The work of the latter artist is especially engrossing, with its delicacy, its completeness, its perfection of detail, and its evidence of an exact knowledge of the precise means which are needed for the achievement of a precise purpose. The extraordinary vitality, for example, of such a work as "Portrait" cannot easily be overpraised. This, you feel, is a thing of life; and not of a mere everyday, uninteresting, unobservant life, but of life at its summit, with every force

gathered together and alert. A peculiar charm, again, pervades the "Cocou" of the same artist—a game of hide-and-seek between a mother and her baby—which, nevertheless, owes its fascination to this same quality of completeness in the matter both of observation and sentiment.

When you turn from the work of Mr. Helleu to that of Mr. Legros, you are at once confronted by the most curious of contrasts. In place of the sharpness, the completeness, the delicacy, the assurance of the former artist, you are brought face to face, in the work of Mr. Legros, with broad and vague grandeurs, with hints of the sublime, with magisterial touches of the ineffable. His "Triomphe de la Mort," for example, reaches a curiously distant height of emotional art; here are none of the precise and exact charms of "Cocou" or "Portrait," but a fine and melancholy diffusiveness. Mr. Helleu lives within the life of his day—he sees it with the keenest of eyes and with the most cordial and charming appreciation; to Mr. Legros there comes rather a vague vision of the burthen of "all this weary, unintelligible world," of the "hungry generations," and he embodies his conceptions with a noble and masterly sweep of hand. Both men are assuredly great artists, and each, doubtless, identifies himself with a mood common to every thoughtful man; the work of each, it need scarcely be added, makes a visit to this gallery worth the while of all.

Of other work to be noticed here, the illustrations of Mr. William Strang to "The Ancient Mariner" may be mentioned, a series of twelve, undoubtedly fine in their rugged, powerful way; but for some reason which eludes analysis, although you admire—as, indeed, you must—the strength of this work, it does not attract you with any subtle magnetism. It is fine, and there criticism stops; it has by no means, for example, the certain and tender charm of Mr. Alfred East's contributions, chiefly of landscape, which, however, do not appeal with nearly so much force and pretence of power. The President himself, Sir Francis Seymour-Haden, also sends some very beautiful landscape. His mezzotint "Long-parish on the Test" is, without any doubt at all, one of the most attractive productions in the exhibition; it has atmospheric suggestion, and is in all its selection of detail refined and delicate. Among the work of other men which may be commended is that of Colonel Goff, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. Holroyd.

A short time ago a brief notice was given to the little exhibition of Mr. C. E. Holloway's very attractive work—an exhibition which has only just been brought to an end. With the close of that show comes the very sad news of the artist's death, which has occurred after a long illness. He was a very industrious man, and a competent if not exactly a brilliant artist.

THE PICTORIAL ASPECT OF KEW GARDENS.

A few weeks ago there was on exhibition in the "North Gallery" in Kew Gardens a collection of very fine paintings of some of the most beautiful spots in the Gardens. As the work of those talented artists M. and Madame C. A. de l'Aubinière is probably but little known to the general public, and as they seem to have been the first to systematically "exploit" the beauties of London's great Botanical Garden, and to draw attention to the pictorial aspect of Kew, it occurred to a representative of *The Sketch* to seek out M. and Madame de l'Aubinière; and discover something about their work.

M. de l'Aubinière has kindly granted *The Sketch* permission to reproduce an engraving of one of his paintings, and it will serve to show the genuine talent that the artist possesses for landscape painting. The picture is entitled "A Midsummer Night," and represents the lake in the Gardens at a time when very few are privileged to see it.

But M. de l'Aubinière is a favoured mortal, and, by Mr. Thistleton Dyer's permission, he is able to paint in the Gardens at whatever hour he pleases. Many on seeing this picture will find it difficult to believe that

it represents a portion of Kew Gardens. "Surely," they will exclaim, "no spot such as this exists so near London!"

To these two artists belongs the credit of having revealed the unsuspected beauties of one of London's most treasured playgrounds.

M. de l'Aubinière was a pupil of the great Corot. In fact, he says that he thinks he is one of the few pupils of the French master still living. Corot was the painter of misty lakes and vaporous rivers, of the quiet of moonlight, of the glories of the sunrise and the still charms of sunset, and M. de l'Aubinière and his wife evidently feel very much towards Nature as did Corot. We may think it strange that a painter of this school should choose as the place for his work a spot so closely bordering on the great Metropolis, a spot so close to the smoke and dirt of the great city. But M. de l'Aubinière is never tired of singing the praises of Kew. As an artist, he glories in the lake at the southern end of the Royal Gardens. He paints it on an autumn afternoon, in the full flush of summer, in the quiet of evening, in the stillness of the midsummer night, in springtime, and even in winter. He finds here all the atmospheric effects he needs, and the Gardens, especially that part around the lake, afford him

many exquisite picture compositions. M. de l'Aubinière is a great traveller, and has painted many scenes in many lands; yet is he content now for the rest of his life to find subjects for his brush in the Gardens at Kew, than which, in his opinion, there exist no more beautiful gardens in the world.

The artists have had special permission granted them to paint the Queen's Cottage, which is situated in a part not accessible to the general public, and many charming pictures have they made of it. Some may perhaps say that they never saw Kew as it is depicted. But, then, they probably do not spend so much time in the Gardens as do the artists, who may be said to almost live there, and who are thus enabled to see possibilities in the scenes which escape the careless observer of Nature. M. de l'Aubinière declares that one reason why the Kew lake and its surroundings afford so many agreeable compositions is that the landscape there is a purely artificial one. The artist, as we know, differs from the photographer in that he requires to select and to suppress before he finds a subject worthy of his brush. At Kew some part of the artist's work is already done to his hand. A word as to the "making of Kew Gardens" may not be out of place here. Kew is the creation of the art of the gardener, applied continuously for a century and a half, and never, even at the present day, ceasing to modify, develop, and refine. In the middle of the last century the site of the Gardens of Kew was one continued dead



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT IN KEW GARDENS.
From an Engraving by permission of M. de l'Aubinière.

flat; the soil was in general barren, and there was neither wood nor water. Brown and Kent, two great landscape-gardeners, helped to make Kew what it is to-day, and under Sir William Hooker, his successor, Sir Joseph Hooker, and the present director, Mr. Dyer, the work of improvement has been carried on.

The lake at the southern end of the Gardens—which figures so largely in the work of M. and Madame de l'Aubinière—like every other picturesque feature which they contain, is of entirely artificial origin, and it is difficult to realise that the ground it occupies was once as flat as the rest. The lake was commenced about forty years ago by Sir William Hooker, who had nothing more than an old gravel-pit to work upon. It has been developed little by little, and no pains have been spared to improve its scenic beauty.

It is strange to reflect that it should have been left to a foreigner to discover the latent beauties of a place so peculiarly English as Kew Gardens. There have been, of course, others who have painted parts of the Gardens, but no artists have worked so systematically or have grasped so fully the poetical and pictorial qualities of the place as M. and Madame de l'Aubinière. Each of the pictures is, as it were, a poem in painting. One feels on looking at them that the artists must possess the poetic temperament, for in all their pictures the poet as well as the painter stands revealed. M. and Madame de l'Aubinière have had some of the most characteristic of their paintings in Kew Gardens engraved by Count Ostrogog, photo-engraver to the Princess of Wales.

"SWEET NANCY," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Nancy Gray (Miss Annie Hughes) was a sad tomboy, and her brothers and sister teased her unmercifully.



Her father (Mr. Canninge) was a crabbed old martinet, and bullied the children.

"SWEET NANCY," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS ANNIE HUGHES AS SWEET NANCY.

"SWEET NANCY," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Sir Roger Tempest (Mr. Edmund Maurice) might have been her father, but he wooed Nancy and won her.



Frank Musgrave (Mr. C. M. Hallard) used to come about the house, after her sister Barbara (Miss Beryl Faber) it was supposed.



But he was really in love with Nancy, to whom, in her husband's absence, he made a passionate declaration.



And her troubles were complicated by her brother Algy (Mr. Martin Harvey) making violent love to a grass-widow, Mrs. Huntley (Miss Helen Ferrers).

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LXVI.—THE "LONDON KELT" AND MR. WILLIAMS.

Few people outside the circle know that there is a large Welsh community in London, and one equally large in our big provincial towns; that, on behalf of what Parliamentary reporters call "gallant little Wales," a paper, the *London Kelt*, is published weekly in the



MR. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Metropolis. Yet all these facts are more veracious than statistics, and less controvertible. I have seen the paper in print and its editor in the flesh (writes a representative of *The Sketch*). Candidly speaking, I prefer the latter to the former, for the former is in Welsh, and the latter, though formerly in Wales, can speak and write in English, and only thinks in the language of his country. Mr. Llewelyn Williams, M.A. Oxon., gives to the *London Kelt* such hours as are not required for sleep, recreation, and the chief sub-editorship of the *Star*. Truth to tell, I expected to encounter an aged man with long white beard, a harp, a frenzied taste for Welsh poetry, and no perceptible vowels,

so it was with pleasant surprise that I had a long chat with Mr. Williams, who can, when he will, be English, quite English, you know. He does more than merely edit the *London Kelt*—he understands the forces that have led to its establishment in the past, support it in the present, and will extend its sphere of usefulness in years to come.

"We are Welsh Nationalists in politics," he said, "and we seek to keep our country's ideals before the eyes of the men who have come across the Border and settled in England. Without a paper to create and develop a public sentiment, the Welshman would cease to belong to his country, and would lose all sense of his duty as a citizen. We have another and equally important work in developing Welsh literary talent. You cannot imagine," continued Mr. Williams, warming to his subject, "how national is the taste for letters in Wales. Go down into the remote villages, untrodden as yet by the hoof of the tourist, and you will find that the villagers have their poet, their essayist, their philosophical writer. The bard may be a shoemaker, the essayist a tailor; but the will, the thought, the energy, survive the daily drudgery by which a living is earned. At the National Eisteddfod the prize-winners are not from the leisured class; tradesmen, quarrymen, and agricultural labourers are our poets, and good poets too. The columns of the *London Kelt*, which is set up in Welsh type by native compositors, receive the contributions of our best stylists, and I think I may say without presumption that we are raising the standard of literary work."

"How do you manage to effect circulation in South Wales villages?" I asked. "Is the labour worth the result?"

"We have no trouble," replied the editor; "the people themselves act as our agents. A quarryman or small farmer will take a quire or a dozen, and sell them for us to all the people in his immediate neighbourhood, and, though there is no compulsion, they are all sold; we take no returns. If we were forced to rely upon the ordinary methods of circulation, the cost would be too great. In addition to Wales itself and the English provinces, the *Kelt* has a foreign edition bought by Welshmen in the Colonies, United States, and Paris. There is a tendency towards literary revival that started with the foundation of Aberystwith College in the 'seventies, and has spread to Welshmen all the world over, and it is this revival that we are fostering. I may tell you that we shall start a book emporium in London this year, and there is a tendency towards the translation of Welsh works into English. We have been established only two years, and the extension of our scope is surprising. In the future it should be possible to bring the English and Welsh literature into closer communion, and, although my country's literary wealth cannot be compared with that of England, the Welsh language as a medium of national thought has given birth to work of which no country need feel ashamed. With regard to translations of Welsh work into English, the difficulty before us lies at present in deciding whether the translator should be a Welshman who has studied English, an Englishman who has studied Welsh, or a combination of the two."

"Tell me one thing, is Welsh likely to become a vogue with novelists?"

"Don't be alarmed," replied Mr. Williams. "We can't 'kailyard' you. Welsh dialect to the English ear and eye would be out of place."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

About six years ago there died a verse-writer of great promise and considerable fulfilment, Edward Cracroft Lefroy. Readers of Mr. J. A. Symonds's last book, "In the Key of Blue," will remember that it contained a Critical Estimate of Lefroy, whose work, and, I guess, still more whose tone of mind, was particularly sympathetic to that critic. A few persons on the alert for the good minor verse of recent years may even know the "Echoes of Theocritus," which called forth hearty appreciation at the time of their publication from Miss Rossetti, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others. In any case, the sonnets, with the rest of his poems, are reprinted now along with a Life of Lefroy by his friend Mr. W. A. Gill, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and published by Mr. Lane. It is quite worth the while of lovers of poetry to procure the book, but they might do worse than skip the Life. A short two-or-three-page-long memoir would have fitted the purpose better. Lefroy was a Muscular Christian—that is, in opinion; his health was always feeble—a lover of manly sport, a wide-minded clergyman of the Church of England. But his views, as reported by Mr. Gill, are neither original nor notable in any way. He seems to have gone timidly along the track of thousands of other cultivated and religious-minded young men. His passionate love of beauty, however, beauty according to Greek canons, was quite exceptional, and, though his biographer tries to weld it into the rest of him, into his love of outdoor games, his theories of manly virtue, we are not quite convinced. It remains a "sport." At least, Mr. Gill, a little too much bent, perhaps, in keeping the clergyman uppermost, has not explained it.

Some of Lefroy's sonnets should last. They are well thought out, and well wrought, for there was nothing flabby about him or his work. He knew, and did his level best to attain, the "art that endures"—

Match well thy metres with a strong design.
Let noble themes find nervous utterance. Flee
The frail conceit, the weak, mellifluous line.
High thoughts, hard forms, toil, vigour—these be thine,
And steadfast hopes of immortality.

This has not the great ring of Gautier on the same theme; but, at least, the theme is the same.

It is a similar thought that occurs again in "A Palæstral Study"—

The curves of beauty are not softly wrought;
These quivering limbs by strong, hid muscles held
In attitudes of wonder, and compelled
Through shapes more sinuous than a sculptor's thought,
Tell of dull matter splendidly distraught,
Whisper of mutinies divinely quelled—
Weak indolence of flesh that long rebelled,
The spirit's domination bravely taught,
And all man's loveliest works are cut with pain.

This is the expression of a manly Hellenism.

The third volume of Mr. Henley's edition of Burns is quite up to the level of the rest. It contains the songs sent by Burns to Johnson's "Musical Museum" and Thomson's "Scottish Airs," and is, as might be expected, strong in bibliography. The Herd manuscripts in the British Museum, given by Herd to Archibald Constable, which have hitherto escaped the notice of Burns' editors, have been used by Mr. Henley. They include all the songs, ballads, and scraps gathered by David Herd, the most indefatigable of the old Scots collectors. It is shown that this collection supplied Burns with the beginnings of over twenty songs, some set down hitherto as wholly his own, and a few vaguely described as old. Mr. Ebsworth, the great authority on Ballads, has also given his aid. Some care has been taken not to offend propriety, and there is one decidedly amusing close at page 419, where a harmless "&c." takes the place of different words. As usual, Mr. Henley shows himself a trenchant and independent critic of the Impressionist school. The most curious of his judgments is that on "Thou Ling'ring Star," which is pronounced "hypochondriacal and remorseful, yet riddled with adjectives specifically amatorial, yet woefully lacking in general inspiration," a criticism as bad in taste as it is detestable in expression. Of "Highland Mary" Mr. Henley has a very poor opinion. This is a well printed, well got-up, and very well edited book.

The capital of France in all ages, Royal, Imperial, or Republican, is wonderfully endowed, perhaps next only to Rome of all still flourishing and increasing cities, with a diversity of interesting historical associations. Among contemporary artists who also rank as literary authors, M. Robida is one who has bestowed much skilful diligence on illustrations of the picturesque and romantic features of immortal Paris. He has now added to the "Librairie Illustrée" a second rather stately quarto volume with several hundred truthful and effective drawings, mostly of architectural views or glimpses, and with a light, brisk commentary, reminiscent of lively anecdotes—too frequently, also, of crimes and disasters—characteristic of "Le Cœur de Paris," meaning the ancient Cité on its islet of the Seine, as it was in the Middle Ages and under the Capet and Valois reigns. This book is as rich in suggestive antiquarian lore as the preceding volume, "Paris de Siècle en Siècle," which treated of a wider local circumference, noticing various buildings and their historic memories in different quarters and suburbs of the modern, grander Paris. One might linger over such fascinating studies with great interest, if space and time allowed.

O. C.

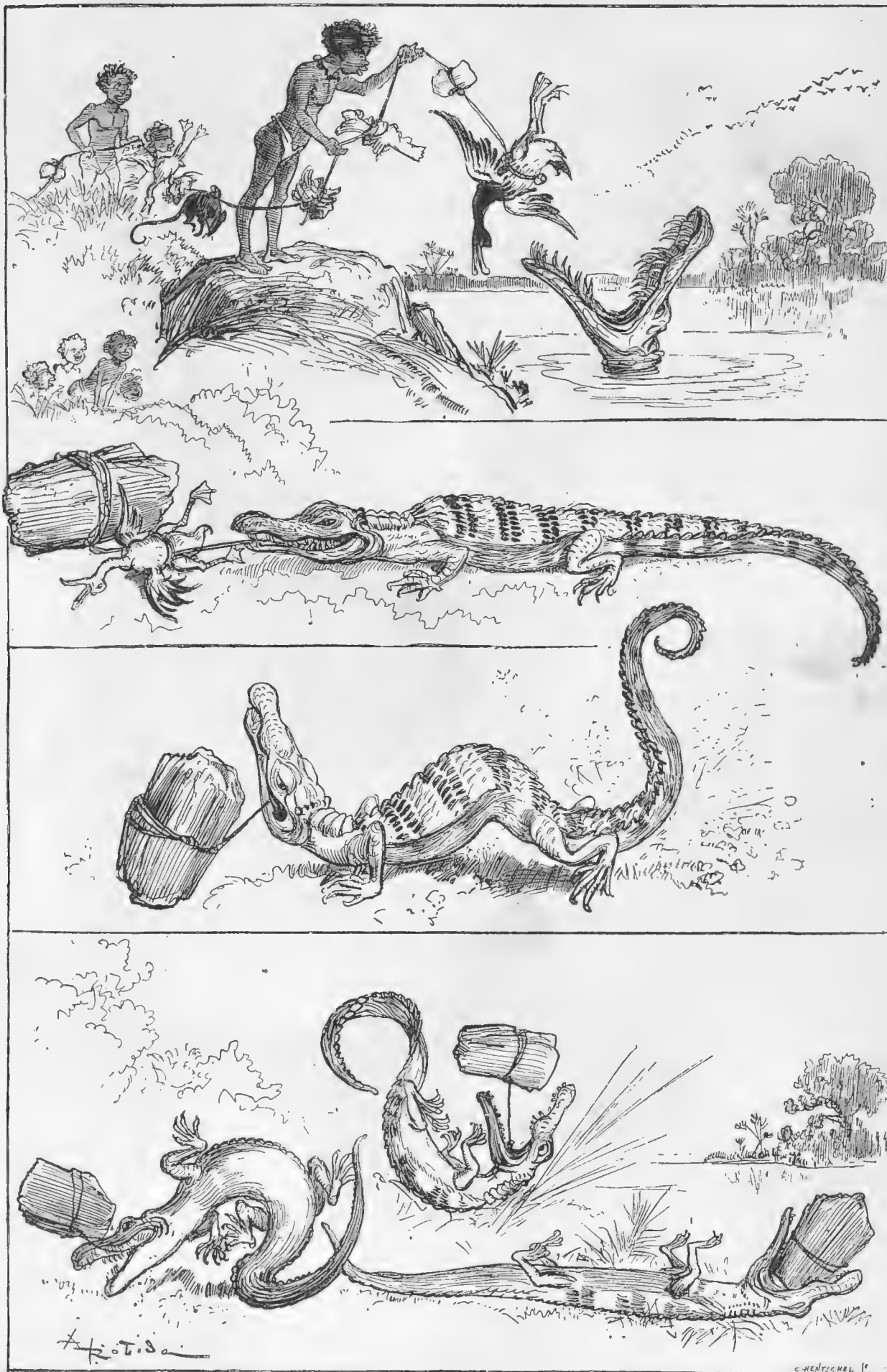
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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



CURATE'S LITTLE GIRL : My hen has laid an egg.
 VICAR'S LITTLE GIRL : My hen has laid two.
 BISHOP'S LITTLE GIRL : That's nothing ; my father has laid a foundation-stone !



IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



FORGET-ME-NOTS.



"Spare a copper for a fellow, though his topper isn't proper; for he keeps the crossing spotless for your trillies."

TRAFFORD PARK UNDER DEVELOPMENT.

The beautiful property which had been in the Trafford family for eight centuries without a break in the male line of succession was purchased by Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley some eight months ago, under particularly advantageous circumstances. All manner of wild stories were circulated as to the uses to which the park was to be put directly it had passed out of Sir Humphrey de Trafford's hands; but not one of the surmises was right, as will be seen by the outline of the plan of development intended to be carried out by the Trafford Park Estates, Limited, the company formed by Mr. Hooley, and of which he will be chairman.

Mr. Marshall Stevens, who, as manager of the Manchester Ship Canal, bore the brunt of the troubles encountered by that great enterprise through the larger part of its career, is to be the managing director of the new undertaking, and he is probably the creator of the development ideas which it is now proposed to carry out. Among the main features of the property are its three-mile frontages to both the Ship and the Bridgewater Canals, which run parallel with the estate of 1183 acres. About one hundred acres of the ground lying between Trafford Wharf and Barton Aqueduct are reserved for dockside purposes; some two hundred acres in the centre of the park are reserved for a racecourse or a public park, and about seven hundred and fifty acres will be occupied by ironworks, seed-crushing mills, cotton-mills, malting-houses, machinery-works, merchants' depôts, cottages, and similar requirements. In certain cases the proprietors of old-established businesses, fully alive to the obvious advantages offered by the estate, are already negotiating for sites, their intention being to remove their works to the proximity of the Ship Canal.

A new era is evidently dawning for the imposing waterway which links Manchester with the ocean, and which is of both national and international importance. The progress made last year in the traffic over the Ship Canal must be cheering to those who have pinned their faith to that vast undertaking. It is true that the exports increased only by fourteen per cent., but there was a rise in the imports of fifty-nine per cent. The lack of anything like considerable expansion in the

development of Trafford Park with lively interest, more especially as, by an arrangement concluded between the Trafford Park and the Canal Companies, portions of the estate are to be forthwith used for the storage of timber and other merchandise, thus relieving the Manchester Dock Quays of a serious encumbrance.

To those who have examined the plans, or who have personal knowledge of the locality, it will be obvious that certain portions of



THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL: PIER-HEAD OF LOCK.

the estate possess a unique value. Such, for example, is the belt of land abutting upon the Ship Canal for something like two miles. About one hundred acres in extent, it averages a hundred to a hundred and twenty yards in width, has invaluable wharfage rights, and will unquestionably be ultimately required by the Ship Canal Company or by one of the important railway companies for dock wharves and terminals. It would not be very surprising should these hundred acres alone realise as much as the entire capital of the company!

The commercial part of the new undertaking having been thus sketched, mention may be briefly made of the more social side of the development scheme. Those who have visited Trafford Park know that the Hall stands in one of the most beautiful portions of the estate. Most charming are the gardens and grounds shaded by trees; delightfully picturesque the parkland in the vicinity of the mansion, with its droves of deer and herds of cattle. The Hall is to be converted into a hotel, and golfers in particular will have no reason to complain of the provision made for their amusement. As a residential hotel the establishment will be unique. A considerable part of the estate is to be set apart for building purposes, notably that extensive strip of land fronting the Bridgewater Canal, beginning at Waters Meeting and ending near the bridge leading to Barton Lodge.

A word anent the financial aspect of the developing company. On Monday next, the 22nd inst., there will be an issue of £350,000 of first debentures at par in 3500 registered debentures of £100 each, bearing interest at 4 per cent., secured by trust deed, constituting a first charge upon the estate and property of the company. The security for this debenture issue and interest will be as follows: Trafford Park Estate, consisting of 1183 acres of freehold property; £100,000 of uncalled capital, and £42,000, the amount to be deposited in the names of the trustees for securing debenture interest. The capital of the Trafford Park Estates, Limited, is £650,000, divided into 650,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, the expressed object of the company being to "acquire and develop the Trafford Park Estate, Manchester." The directors, besides Mr. Hooley and Mr. Stevens, include the Right Hon. Lord Ashburton, Colonel Paget Mosley, and Mr. W. Wright, of Wollaton, Nottingham.



THE TRAFFORD PARK ESTATES: BARTON AQUEDUCT, OVER THE SHIP CANAL.

exports in the past is explained by the fact that, with the exceptions of coal and salt, the exports are divided into smaller parcels and between more traders. The construction of new manufactories capable of exporting under more advantageous conditions than their less-favoured competitors, owing partly to the great saving in the cost of carriage obtainable by the proximity of the estate to deep water, cannot fail to add to the volume of exports from the new port of Manchester. Those concerned in the prosperity of the Ship Canal will watch the



THE TRAFFORD PARK ESTATES: PART OF THE THREE-MILE FRONTAGE TO THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

"RICHARD II." IN THE PROVINCES.

Photographs by J. Davis, Lancaster.

The Shakspeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon has certainly justified its existence of late. In presiding over its annual spring festivals of recent years, Mr. F. R. Benson has very properly deviated from the beaten track, and sought to arouse interest in the lesser-known plays of the poet. To this circumstance is it due that the



MR. F. R. BENSON AS RICHARD II.

provinces (hateful word) are now enjoying a sumptuous revival of "Richard II.," that unfortunate piece which, in its unadulterated state, has not been half-a-dozen times put to stage use since the days of Elizabeth. Nahum Tate, the sometime Laureate, Lewis Theobald, of Dunciad notoriety, and Wroughton, the Drury Lane stage-manager, all tinkered at the play with the hope of rendering it more palatable, but without avail. Moreover, no great actor of the past succeeded in stamping the impress of his genius on the character of the superabundantly emotional king. Edmund Kean woefully misconceived the part, playing it with all the fire and energy usually bestowed upon the Crookback. Macready won some acceptance as the vacillating despot during his novitiate in the country, but never could be prevailed upon to play the rôle in town until the period of his farewell engagement at the Haymarket. Under Charles Kean, at the Princess's in 1857-8, "Richard II." enjoyed a remarkable run of one hundred and twelve nights, spread over two seasons. This achievement was mainly the outcome of an inspired moment of interpolated pageantry, a brilliantly conceived interlude, sandwiched in between the second and third acts, vividly picturing the entry into London of the two cousins. In treating "Richard II." merely as "a pageant with words," Kean betrayed a certain measure of common sense. Despite its general air of pathos, Shakspeare's History is painfully undramatic, and in its slowness of movement recalls the late Laureate's "Becket."

Largely concurring with the younger Kean's view, Mr. Benson gives a presentation historically correct in the details of its pomp and ceremony, notably so in the scene of the lists at Coventry. Cohesion has been gained by a somewhat liberal use of the pruning-knife. The fourth scene in both the first and second acts; the opening scene in Act III.; a hundred lines at the beginning of Act IV.; together with the whole of the second and third scenes, and a good half of the sixth, in the last act, have gone by the board. Pity is it that Mr. Benson could not see his way to spare York's striking description of the return of Bolingbroke and the King to London. It may be that he set no great store by that luminous simile, so admired by Dryden, referring to the "well-graced actor," and the inattention paid to his inferiors, for he is no believer in any player being tedious, and thinks the stage should be a commonwealth rather than an absolute monarchy.

Personally, I could forgive this sweeping use of the pruning-knife were it not that it has been found necessary to preserve several passages

in the deleted scenes; and these have not always lent themselves to satisfactory dovetailing. Undue addition is made to the arrogance of Bolingbroke in depicting him as assuming the rights of the King before his coronation; but this is precisely the result of his being made to sentence Carlisle to his "reverent room" immediately after the bishop's explosion in Westminster Hall. From first to last the revival is replete with minute touches of by-play and "business" which speak volumes for Mr. Benson's capacity as a Shaksperian producer. But occasionally one notes an undue straining after effect, as in the unjustified rumble of thunder which is made to precede the lines—

Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day.

This tendency to over-emphasise is also one of the faults that Mr. Benson has most to guard against in his delivery. Another striking innovation in this scene is the delicious rendering off the stage of an "Agnus Dei," suggesting the celebration of the Mass in the stately chapel in the background. Introduced as a running accompaniment to the declamation, this somehow fails to achieve the desired effect, as interest in the song battles with and soon conquers all desire to listen to the melancholy vapourings of the King. With purely instrumental music the case is different, as one has an opportunity of noting in other scenes, where an adroit use is made of the harp.

As for the acting, Mr. Benson gives a remarkably luminous portrait of the self-indulgent and rhetorically imaginative King, and, when he deviates from Shakspeare, only does so to follow Holinshed. Most marked of all was his acting in the scene in Westminster Hall, particularly where, after crowning Bolingbroke, he proceeds to examine himself in the glass, and in doing so mechanically ascends the steps to the vacant throne. Just as he is about to sit down, he suddenly remembers himself with a short laugh and an apologetic gesture. Another well-considered touch occurs at the close of the act. As Bolingbroke departs after ordering the King to be conveyed to the Tower, the orchestra asserts itself in some clearly defined rhythms, and Richard, who stands apart, self-absorbed and momentarily imbecile, vacantly beats time with his forefinger to the music as the curtain falls. For the aberration which justifies this marvellously impressive picture, the text seemingly affords no warrant. Possibly, Mr. Benson takes his reading from Holinshed (Shakspeare's own authority, be it noted), who relates that under his misfortunes Richard was "almost consumed with sorrow, and in a manner half dead." In any case, it is one of the many happy touches which make all Mr. Benson's work interesting, and proclaim him a Shaksperian interpreter of gifts above the common. The female



MRS. BENSON AS THE QUEEN IN "RICHARD II."

interest in the play is a negligible quantity, but Mrs. Benson makes a pathetic figure as the Queen. The sorrowful abandonment of her final parting from Richard is very moving. I hope it is not too late in the day to beg of this promising actress to pay a little more attention to the technique of voice-production, with the view of rectifying the hollow tones which mar a naturally musical voice.

W. J. L.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French faiconers, fly at anything we see."

Once a year I am ordered by a mysterious destiny to spend a few days in bed, mainly, I think, that I may study the mechanism which is known as cerebration. It is like getting inside one's own works. I pass a night or two in sleepless admiration of the industry and speed of that great machinery for making believe, which is in the centre of everyone's brain. Its ordinary operations don't attract much attention; you take them for patriotism, conscience, art for art's sake, and other functions of the normal man; but when you have to lie in bed and watch your own brain at work the phenomenon assumes a different aspect. The other night I sat in the Strangers' Gallery of the House, and listened to the remarkable speech I was making below. It appeared that I had just been returned at a by-election in a grave national crisis; and I impressed upon the House the significance of the victory, together with a minute and spirited account of the contest. The speech caused great excitement, and the Strangers' Gallery broke into enthusiastic applause, in which I heartily joined. It was not like a dream which leaves nothing but a vague outline to your waking moments. The whole of the speech is in my mind now, including quotations from the party opposite, extracts from newspapers, and an important statement signed by twelve prominent citizens of my constituency.

Another night I was entertained at the Royal Cerebellum Theatre by a play which I seemed to have written, rehearsed, and produced on the spot. Again I was a spectator, shed tears during the performance, called vigorously for the author, and admired the diffident grace with which he presented himself before the curtain. The story of the play—well, I don't see why I should give it away to managers; but the last act, with the exterior of St. James's Palace, where the hero is modestly doing his duty as a sentry, and is publicly decorated by the Queen in commemoration of her glorious reign, amidst a blare of trumpets from the band of the Household Brigade, all on their black horses—I am willing to make a present of this to any theatre as a suitable pageant for next June. Nor was science neglected by this cerebration. In a twinkling I invented a process by which the memoranda of one's most agreeable experiences were strung together on a cylinder connected with an electric battery. All you had to do was to turn a handle, and receive in rapid succession the vivid impressions and sensations of bygone ecstasies. Think of this as a plaything for old age! With what scrupulous care we should store up our memoranda! By this blessed discovery I had turned the sowing of wild oats into the assurance of an innocuous harvest for our declining years! Until then I had regarded Mr. H. G. Wells's Time-Machine as the greatest triumph of modern science; but now I felt that to travel backwards or forwards a million years in human history was an inconsiderable privilege compared to the resurrection of dead joys by electric memorandum. So I gave the handle such a vigorous turn that I broke it; and there seems to be no chance of repairs till my next period of abnormal cerebration comes round!

Fancy being able to recall the flavour of turtle-soup when you are a dessicated pauper of eighty, on workhouse diet! As you eat your skilly, babbling o' green fat, like an impenitent Falstaff, will the minions of the Local Government Board eye your enjoyment with approval? I am assuming that by that time my great invention will have been taken up by Parliament in lieu of old-age pensions, which seem to present insuperable difficulties of finance. Obviously, it will cost much less to supply workhouses with the necessary appliances for the operation of my beneficent idea than to endow most of the population after a certain age with enough to live upon. A battery, a cylinder, proper accommodation for accumulated memoranda, and there's the whole bill for the local Union! Some advanced reformers, I dare say, will want to set up the apparatus in prisons, so that Mr. Sikes, weary of oakum, may refresh his soul with tender reminiscences of departed "swag." Hospitals will want to turn that cylinder all day; but, as I shall receive an enormous reward for such a boon to mankind, a reward which will be swelled by all nations, I shall endow the hospitals for all time with the necessary funds. Possibly some objection will be raised by moralists, on the plea that an instrument for perpetuating joy is a malignant obstacle to the creed which makes this life a probation; but I don't expect that, in this encounter, theology will have the ghost of a chance.

Meanwhile, I am interested to see remarkable cerebration in a body of erudite American ladies. They have gone to work on Genesis, and simply cerebrated man out of his theological supremacy. Is there a word in the narrative of Creation which explicitly gives him dominion over woman? The birds of the air, the beasts, and so forth, are assigned to his lordship; but woman is left with her divine independence. What

commentator had ever brought out that shining fact? It may be pleaded that, if Eve was made out of one of Adam's ribs while he slept—a nice display of chivalry, by the way, to sleep while the lady was coming into being!—he was, at all events, in the position of foreman of the works. But what thought the serpent? Did he address himself to Adam? No, he chose the woman, because he knew her "lofty ambition," and her natural "thirst for knowledge." Adam's curiosity, at the utmost stretch, could not have risen above the first salad; but to woman the serpent knew it was no use talking about "rich jewels, rich dresses, worldly luxuries, or pleasures." She had never tried anything on, poor dear, and, when she did essay a fashion, the primitive apron did not show a hankering after Worth. "The wisdom of the gods" was the bait for her, though she got precious little of that; but, instead of admiring her superior enterprise, Adam threw upon her the blame of original sin. His conduct was "to the last degree dastardly," say the Biblical ladies of America; and nothing that man has done since has ever atoned for it.

Some timid persons on this side of the Atlantic suggest that the new version of the Old Testament will not have many readers here on account of its "blasphemy." I cannot see anything blasphemous in a really illuminating idea; and the one service of the new American theology is the light it sheds on the boredom of Eden. There was nothing for poor Eve to do, no domestic occupation whatever, no baby to be washed, no other woman's goings on or off to be judicially considered, no small talk of any kind. There was, no doubt, a new and extensive menagerie in the neighbourhood; but Eve, with her "lofty ambition," could not always be observing the habits of animals in order to amuse Adam, who, of course, wanted to be amused—the brute!—with little stories about the crocodile. Eve, then, was bored inexpressibly, bored with picking flowers all day, as the American ladies remark, and bored most of all with talking to such a selfish, unresponsive biped as Adam. Just think of their happy evenings, with no reminiscences of a past, no speculations about the future, nothing but the insufferable monotony of the present! Mere animals might have thought this beatitude; the crocodiles were probably content; but that human beings, especially woman, should be expected to prefer this sentimental gardening (without any knowledge of botany) to the life out in the world which, whatever its pains and penalties, was at least worthy of a rational intelligence, comes, to my mind, much nearer "blasphemy" than the revolt against a grotesque old legend.

I wonder whether the American interpreters of Genesis ever read the scriptures of a French writer who accounted himself a great lawgiver in morals? If you want to see the egoism of Adam in its most rampant state, search the Epistles of the Apostle Alexandre Dumas *filis* to the Parisians. His plays are going out of date, but the prefaces are likely to outlive them. Dumas prided himself on his knowledge of woman. He could give you not only an intellectual and moral, but a physiological analysis of any type. You knew her mind, the shape of her teeth, and her measurement round the waist. Some thirty years ago this sage lifted up his voice against the "emancipation" movement, which he ascribed to the demoralisation of Society; but he said the demoraliser was man, and admitted that woman had a right to say to the man who claimed lordship over her, "Prove to me that you are the instrument of God." In 1869, apparently, this proof was not forthcoming, except in the dramatic theology of the Apostle Alexandre; and so he declaimed against man and woman both, comparing emancipated women to leaves which have been torn from a tree by a wintry blast, and, for a time, presumptuously imagine that they have wings and can sail on for ever. The tree puts forth new leaves; but as these, also in due course, must fly away incontinently with the wind, the point of the Apostle's parable is not quite clear. It is quite as lucid, however, as the bulk of the theology of more orthodox inspiration, from the early Christian Fathers to the recent Canon Gore; and if all their musings could be burnt up together, and the writing of any theological treatise made a penal offence, I imagine that the world, if not wiser, would be considerably more harmonious.

Here I offer an apology to Mr. Arthur Humphreys and his manual of religion, the book-lover's religion. "The Private Library" is an admirable compendium of the ritual we owe to the books we hoard with jealous worship. In every considerable library there is, of course, a department of theology, and as all books, especially theological books, are apt to suffer from age, decay, and other infirmities, Mr. Humphreys recommends a kind of holy unction, to wit, the anointing of the decayed volumes with a mixture of glycerine and horn-glue. This, I understand, is a valuable restorative; and I relax my principles so far as to make no protest when any man, who burdens his shelves with the lore of dead apostles and somnambulist canons, applies the mixture to cracked bindings, though I wish it were a *viaticum* for the crazy insides.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent constitutional imbroglio in the Transvaal is perhaps the best thing that could have happened in the interests of the Uitlanders. Nothing arouses distrust more widely than an apparent attempt to tamper with the judges. All who have, or may possibly have, lawsuits are at once alarmed; those only are favourable to the proposed changes who hope to get the party in power to interfere on their behalf. And this section is very small and very disreputable. Whether the judges of the Transvaal are constitutionally justified in their position is a question probably incapable of solution. The "Grondwet" was adopted by men of little political skill, with no foresight of future complications. But it is obvious that some Supreme Court there must be, if any security is to exist for justice. To treat the hasty resolutions of a small body of representatives, notoriously open to corruption, as statutes to be enforced by the judges is obviously fatal to all equity. If the resolutions of the House of Commons or of the American Congress—two bodies of better credit and more experience than the Volksraad—had been treated as laws, neither the United States nor the United Kingdom would now be in existence. Even President Krüger's German friends are seeing that he is playing into the hands of his enemies.

The Government of the Transvaal had its opportunity after the Raid. The muleting of the capitalists might have been carried out, and even extended, without doing much harm. But this could have been done without the vindictive farce of sentencing men to death, or the mean spite that keeps two more stubborn or more courageous opponents in an unhealthy prison instead of banishing them. After punishing the allies

not by any means exempt from corruption. The *private* Turk of the old school is often a patriarchal person of a far more attractive cast than the average Greek. But the Greek is the modern man; the Turk is an anachronism and a reactionary, and probably there is not a ruler in Europe, except Wilhelm the Wirer, who will not be glad if the Greeks and their hysterical supporters do not make it impossible to hand over Crete to King George after a decent interval. Probably, if one or even two of the Great Powers occupied and administered Crete, the island would be far better off than if annexed to Greece. But sentiment is often stronger than material advantage. The Ionian Islands had been even less connected with Greece in modern history than was Crete; they had attained high prosperity under a British Protectorate. Yet they agitated for union with Greece, and Mr. Gladstone gave them their desire, and sent leanness into their soul therewith.

But to allow the annexation to take place at once is simply to legalise and approve a barefaced game of grab. Now Greece, though the first grabber, would not be the last; there are others, with bigger palms and stronger fingers. Let us first get the dead hand of Turkish power off Crete, never to return. Then let a benevolent Protectorate make roads and harbours and generally improve the island. Then, in the approaching break-up of the Ottoman Empire, or before, the island will fall naturally to Greece.

MARMITON.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND KING CARNIVAL.

The Prince of Wales did not reach the Riviera this year in time to do honour to King Carnival at that monarch's gayest court, but at the lesser pageants of Boulogne and Paris the two royal personages exchanged



ANIMALS ROASTING THEIR WOULD-BE COOKS.



THE PANCAKE CAR.

THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION AT BOULOGNE.

of Mr. Rhodes, the Boers should have granted the masses of the immigrants the ordinary rights of peaceful citizens, and a fairly liberal measure of municipal self-government. Especially should commercial intercourse with the neighbouring South African States have been fostered. The Dutch, still forming half, if not more, of the population of Cape Colony, were alarmed and angry at a movement that seemed to aim at the overthrow of the Dutch element in South Africa. A really liberal policy would have placed President Krüger at the head of the Afrikaners, *vice* Cecil Rhodes deposed.

How far from the right policy the action of the Boers has been is matter of history. Arms and warlike material have been imported to very large amounts; forts have been built, and the Boer David has been provided with a suit of Saul's armour, made in Germany. Laws have been passed giving the Government power to gag the Press and banish any immigrant arbitrarily. The Hollander clique has been maintained in power, and the oppressive dynamite monopoly and railway dues continued. Finally, an attempt has been made to place the legal rights of the community at the mercy of a scratch vote of a small and incompetent assembly, representing a backward minority. The natural consequences have followed. Mr. Rhodes, grave as are his faults, and serious as are the charges made against him and admitted by him, has yet recovered much of his old influence in South Africa. He is the modern man with the possible future; Krüger represents the obsolete reaction. When Napoleon fought the Austrians for supremacy in Italy and Germany, neither combatant cared at all for liberty or nationality; neither was at all scrupulous or tender; but Napoleon was on the side of progress and movement, and the Austrians were the barrier of dead inertia.

It is just the same in the Cretan Question. Greeks and Turks are alike deficient in many of the qualities necessary to good government. Greece is, if anything, more insolvent than Turkey, and her officials are

a complimentary greeting. For on the Prince's outward journey to Paris, the day before Shrove Tuesday, the tidal train was stopped for a few moments between the harbour and town stations of Boulogne, in order that the English Prince might see something of the Continental monarch's Boulogne procession, which is here represented by two of its most effective cars. Amid the general jollity of the occasion, the Græco-Cretan Question was forgotten, and the Concert of the Powers became completely harmonious, to the tune of "God Save the Queen," as an extremely youthful Czar of Russia, supported by the Czarina and President Faure, stepped forward and presented the Prince of Wales with a bouquet. Before he could acknowledge the tribute, his Royal Highness was reminded that kind hearts are, at any rate, as good as coronets, for a Boulogne fishwife, not to be outdone by the Emperor of All the Russias, presented him with yet another floral offering. The Prince returned thanks for his reception with characteristic *bonhomie*, and, amid lusty cheering, the train started for Paris, where his Royal Highness received another hearty welcome from King Carnival and his boisterous subjects.

Lovers of Cranford will all remember the house, of which Mrs. FitzAdam was the distinguished tenant, which was "usually considered to confer a patent of gentility upon its tenant, because, once upon a time—seventy or eighty years ago—the spinster daughter of an earl had resided in it." An idea of this kind seems still to linger in the mind of the house-agent even in these levelling days, if we may judge from the following advertisement which lately appeared in the *Standard*—

A magnificent Family Flat to be let. Livery hall-porter and other modern improvements; lately occupied by baronet.

A flat that has once been the residence of a baronet must prove irresistible; and enterprising house-agents should keep the "pedigree" of their houses, adding a certain percentage to the rent, according to the rank and distinction of the successive tenants.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Possibly because of the break-up of the International Rugby Championship, the forthcoming meeting of England and Scotland at the Crystal Palace under Association rules is causing unwonted excitement. It is generally felt that this season's contest is to be a great one, and I am firmly of the opinion that last year's defeat was a fluke, and that it will be many years before Scotland is again able to lower the colours of the Rose.

Were it desirable, I would go on to speak of the causes of our beating at Parkhead. I merely touch superficially upon the subject, because I gather from *Scottish Sport* that an arrangement has been come to between the Football Association and the Scottish Association which will permit of Englishmen and Scotsmen refereeing matches in which these two great countries are the opposing forces.

It scarcely needs the saying that this is but a reversion to an old system, and one that was found to be most defective. Particular incidents need not be recalled, but experienced followers of the game can readily furnish these for themselves. It must surely stand to reason that, for a match between England and Scotland, it would be far better for a Welshman or an Irishman to referee. It is contended, and with a very great amount of reason, that Welsh and Irish referees are not so capable as English and Scots, and the records go to show that most matches between the Rose and the Thistle have been to a great extent spoiled by bad decisions. But a neutral referee has this great advantage over one who must be interested in one of the competing countries, that a mistake on his part cannot be set down to "bias." And that is a great point.

The Association Challenge Cup competition is now in the last stages. Next Saturday we have the two semi-finals set for decision, and a couple of very fine encounters are promised. I think the better of the two is that fixed to be played at Stoke. Here Derby County and Everton meet to do battle. Last year, as may be remembered, Derby got into the final, only to be unpleasantly and very unsatisfactorily thrown out by the Wolverhampton Wanderers, who were subsequently overcome by Sheffield Wednesday.

On paper there are no better-matched teams than Derby County and Everton, who, curiously enough, should have decided their League match on the date appointed for the Cup tie. The pair have not yet met in that newer competition, so that in every way the tie must be a success. At different periods each of these clubs has appeared stronger than the other; but at the present time only an Elijah would care to prophesy which of the two is to prove the stronger on Saturday next.

In the other case, which will see Liverpool doing battle with Aston Villa, we have another puzzle to face. The Villa are at the top of the League, and they will remain there, as they did last season, but it took them three hard fights before they could lower the colours of Preston North End in the previous round.

Liverpool is a club eminently adapted for Cup-tie football. The club plays a rough-and-tumble sort of game, and in Cup ties science is not too well pitted against dash and vigour. The Lancastrians are also well up in the League table, but it is likely enough that the first two places in the League will this season, as last, be occupied by Aston Villa and Derby County. I fancy that Liverpool and Derby County will be found contesting the final tie at the Crystal Palace.

In aid of the Indian Famine Fund a very attractive match will be played on Thursday week, the venue being the Essex County Ground at Leyton. Here London will put out a team to face the Southern professionals. There is a fair amount of rivalry between the two classes in the South, and, as this will be the only opportunity for comparison of abilities, success is bound to accrue. Much depends upon the constitution of the sides, but I fancy that the professionals will on this occasion prove successful.

A Liverpool correspondent kindly writes to point out that Bradshaw did play at Nottingham for England against Ireland. The slip was unavoidable.

BOXING.

The Belsize competitions were chiefly remarkable for the success of a quite "new" boxer, in G. Marks, of the Harlequins A.C., Cardiff, who proved successful in the 10 st. competition, in which, by the way, he had to give away a fair amount of weight.

Marks is a "fighter" much after the style of E. Dettmer, the ex-Light-weight Champion. He waits splendidly for the man, and his timing is the greatest factor in his success. I understand that this was his debut in competitions, and the long journey was worth all the trouble.

The Heavy-weights of the Belsize saw a young boxer of actually only seventeen years of age prove successful. This was Shipman, of the Holy Trinity A.C., who must have been giving something away in boxing at 11 st. 4 lb. N. F. Smith won his twenty-fourth open competition in fine style, beating P. A. Lunn, a clever boxer, whom he also beat in the German Gymnastic final, and with whom he is matched for six rounds.

ATHLETICS.

Cambridge have already selected their team to do battle with Oxford at the Queen's Club in the early days of next month. Very few of the men who did duty last year are included.

Mr. W. Mendelson, the Rugby Blue, who has been figuring prominently in the struggle for the Challenge Cup at Cambridge, will once more go for the Long Jump, which Mr. Batchelor won so splendidly last season. Another footballer, in Mr. J. T. McGaw, the Old Carthusian goalkeeper, will, with Mr. J. H. Bulloch, of Trinity, put the weight.

I do not think that Cambridge's best, Mr. W. V. Wood, of Clare, or Mr. W. W. Gibberd, of Trinity, will be able to beat Mr. Fremantle, the stylish little Oxonian, in the Three Miles. Fremantle won last year, and showed the best form, perhaps, of any competitor on the day.

Mr. W. Fitzherbert is again available for the Quarter, in which last season he beat Mr. Jordan, the Oxford President, after one of the most desperate races ever seen. Mr. F. C. Carter, of Caius, is his "assistant." Mr. W. N. Pilkington, the electric Rugby three-quarter from Cheltenham College, ought to win the 100 Yards, in which, by the way, Carter is again the second string.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Many of the flat-race jockeys have been riding trials of late, and on Monday next they begin the season in earnest. M. Cannon, who has done a lot of hunting during the winter, looks very fit, and his brother Kempton is shaping well. J. Watts has been hunting in the Midlands, and he looks all the better for the change. C. Wood has, so he says, retained all his old form. He is as hard as nails, and his nerve is as strong as ever. Wood may go very close for premier riding honours in '97, as he can go to scale at a nice weight.

The gentleman who some weeks back took £2000 to £3 about Winkfield's Pride and Cathal for the double event has a bit the best of the bargain. It is whispered that Winkfield's Pride cannot be beaten at Lincoln. That the horse is a good one, many firmly believe, but on the book he has the worst of it with such as Yorker and Diakka. Robinson contends that the Newmarket ascent did not suit his horse; but what about Manchester, where Telescope beat him practically pointless? I hope, for the sake of the Handicap, that the winner will spring from some other stable, as owners do not like to see the same trainer get the race too often.

If Mr. H. M. Dorling can attract royalty to the Epsom Spring Meeting on April 27 and 28, the fixture should be a big success. The course is just now looking very well, and it should last the season through. Soliman, a useful all-round horse, is very much fancied for the Great Metropolitan. This animal has improved wonderfully since Lord Durham owned him. He is equally good over hurdles and on the flat, and is just the sort of animal to win the Grand National. I notice Balsamo has been freely backed to win the City and Suburban, but I should be surprised if Quarrel does not start favourite. At the same time, Mr. R. P. Anson's handicaps are difficult at all times to analyse, and it may be that we are in for one more surprise.

It does not seem to be in the range of probability for a racecourse executive, however generous, to be rewarded with a thoroughly representative contest between hurdle-racers. We have seen several races run between some of the top-sawyers, but the question as to which horse really stands at the head of this department of the Turf is not settled with any definiteness. A plébiscite of the followers of the winter sport would be favourable to Knight of Rhodes, and it is true that in the Sandown Grand Prize he gave a great display in beating a high-class field, carrying the best part of 13 st. On the other hand, there are many people who would back Soliman to beat the Knight at even weights over two miles. My idea is that, if there is any difference between the pair, the Lewes-trained horse can just claim a slight superiority.

One of the features of the National Hunt season has been the success of that truly sporting stable kept by the Widger brothers. Most of the recruits they have sent out for the hurdling business have been successful, and the good luck that has attended the purchases is remarkable. Not the least interesting figure in this enthusiastic cross-country band is Miss F. E. Norris, the lady who recently discarded the assumed name of Mr. F. E. Irving. Under the latter *nom-de-guerre* she is known as the owner of Waterford, an animal that at one time was regarded as a likely Grand National winner, and one, moreover, that was backed a couple of years ago for that race. He has not yet shown that he possesses the merit assigned to him. It is not often that professional jockeys are called upon to ride horses from this stable, and something out of the common has occurred when "Joe," as he is dubbed, cannot take the mounts. In Miller they have a capital trainer.

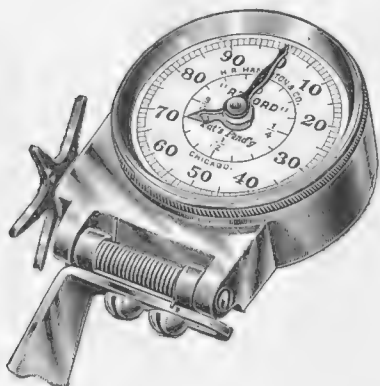
Those sportsmen who remember the days of the pigeon express must gaze and wonder when they see winners come up on the Tape two minutes after the race has been started, and no sooner has the full result been signalled than we receive the runners for the following race. The sharps who some two or three years back made such a haul by "shooting" the bookmakers over winners that had already passed the post now find their vocation gone, thanks to the enterprise of the Tape people. True, in long steeplechases the sharps are able to lay the favourites away from the course after the latter have fallen, but this will be remedied before next winter.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

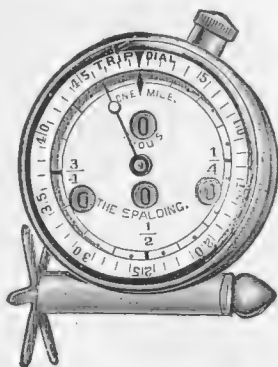
The weather has once more put a stop to pedalling on wheels, and Society prefers the skating-rinks to the danger of bicycling in muddy streets. *On recule pour mieux sauter*, as the French say, and when the fine weather does arrive, I fancy the bicycle rush will be tremendous. It is rather early as yet to say what the fashion will be this season, but I am inclined to fancy that ladies' tandems will be a good deal seen. It gives an opening for a display of a good deal of ingenuity in the general get-up; for instance, it is absolutely necessary that both the lady riders should be dressed alike, and also pedal as much alike as possible, otherwise their appearance approaches the grotesque. A style of cycle that should be more adopted by a certain class of riders is the "sociable" tricycle, where the riders sit side by side, but I fear a tricycle of any sort in these go-ahead days would be voted too slow.

The Yorôshi Wheel Club is the latest departure of the Rationalists. I am rather vague as to where they hail from, but am told that the wearing of "culottes" is one of the conditions of membership. Let us hope that the knickerbockered Yorôshites will be content to remain as an edifying spectacle to the inhabitants of their own parish. I have often wondered what the law is on the subject of women appearing in public dressed as men. If there is any such law, why is it not enforced?

All riders on wheels should have a cyclometer attached to their bike; it adds greatly to the interest of one's morning ride, and for touring purposes it is invaluable as showing the distances from place to place. There are numberless sorts of cyclometers, but the two newest patterns I have seen are the "Spalding" and the "Trip Recorder." I give an illustration of each of these, which may be obtained at



THE "TRIP RECORDER."



THE "SPALDING."

Mr. Gamage's establishment in Holborn. The former one I consider the simplest and best; it shows the quarter-mile, half-mile, and three-quarter mile, or any part thereof, and also records the trip. The trip-recording cyclometer is rather more complicated, and is suitable for very long rides and distances. These little machines act as a sort of companion to one, and, so to speak, keep up a conversation with the riders, who would find a long, solitary ride irksome without them.

Another spasmodic appearance of a motor-car has taken place. The new vehicle might have been seen, a few days ago, moving down Oxford Street. It resembled a brougham, but without the box-seat, the driver being perched up behind as on a hansom, and doing the steering with a long handle. It is the invention of a Frenchman, M. Darraq, and the propelling power is electricity. All sorts of advantages are claimed for it. I have, however, become so sceptical of motors in general, through the many failures and disappointments, that I am fully prepared for its disappearance, like all the others.

Sadow the strong man has thrown down the gauntlet, in the shape of a thousand pounds, to anyone who will race him for a distance of ten miles or over. If strength went for anything in cycling, not many would feel inclined to take him on, but J. W. Stocks, nothing daunted by the man of muscle, has accepted the challenge, and, if the race comes off, it will be of great interest. Sadow is an accomplished cyclist, and is supposed to have made a record over ten miles. He is also the inventor of a pneumatic-tyre valve that is well spoken of. Another strong man, in his way, namely, "Cody," the King of Cowboys, has been making himself a name in the South of France bicycling, and was recently sentenced to twenty-four hours' imprisonment for assaulting another cyclist in a dispute over some financial matter.

A correspondent writes me from South Africa that Miss Orr, who was recently run down and injured by the driver of a horse and cart, has been awarded six hundred pounds and costs in a law action. This is better justice than is meted out to English cyclists. In England the offender in a case like this would probably get off with a caution to be more careful. A rather curious case occurred at Durban lately, and shows the use of a bicycle to police and others. It appears that a lunatic escaped from an asylum, and, having armed himself with a revolver and cartridges, began some all-round firing in the busiest thoroughfare of the town. No harm resulted until the police appeared, when Sergeant Unger was seriously wounded. The lunatic

then retired, reloading the revolver. An inspector and constable went in pursuit, but there seemed little chance of effecting his arrest without danger of being shot. At this moment a young bicyclist came round the corner, and, taking in the position of affairs at a glance, bent his body over the handles and, applying all his strength, went for the fugitive with all his might. The collision must have been a terrific one, as, when the maniac was secured, the young bicyclist was picked up in an unconscious condition and his machine in an irreparable heap.

You know that *Pick-Me-Up*, the widely circulating comic journal, has started under new auspices in its current issue. I hear that there is to be a novel treatment of cycling in *Pick-Me-Up* under its new editorship.

The Old Country must needs take a back seat now and then, and confess herself beaten by her fledglings. Old England gives place to Brighter Britain. Can we cap the following statement from a New Zealand paper? In the Southern Island there is an old lady—no, a thousand pardons, an elderly one, for she has seen but sixty summers!—who rides a bicycle. There is nothing remarkable in that, but this lady of mature years has recently ridden one hundred miles in a day, which is a feat to be proud of, and, more than that, she computes that she has covered in all some five thousand miles since she first became possessed of a wheel. After this one ceases to wonder when it is added that the lady is the happy mother of twenty-one children!

One distinct advantage in cycles is that they never strike. The business man who rides his wheel to his office every morning is independent of fluctuations in the labour market, and, barring an awkward side-slip or other "unforeseen contingency," arrives there in due time. Not so he who trusts to the more antiquated modes of locomotion, for experience has shown that cabmen, busmen, and even railway servants, may strike. A few weeks ago, during the strike on the North-Eastern Railway, happy were those burghers of Newcastle who had learned the use of the wheel, for railway traffic all around the city was paralysed, and their less-accomplished brethren had either to tramp the road afoot or expend a small fortune on cab-fares.

Besides grown-up people, it is wonderful how cycling is increasing among children. I am not at all sure if this is wise, as, unless a bicycle is carefully measured and made for each child, there is no telling what deformity or complaint it may bring on. It is easy to enter a shop and purchase a bicycle for a child to learn upon, but this should never be done without regard to the fact of his growing. It is wonderful when one thinks that, ten years ago, there were but sixty-one factories for bicycles in this country, and now we hear that the number is little short of seven hundred.

A friend of mine told me that she lived in such an out-of-the-way place that the sweep could come only once a-year to sweep the chimneys, and during the recent cold weather she lived in constant dread of the house being burnt down. Is there not here an opening for an itinerant sweep on wheels, who might traverse the country on his bicycle? I heard of such the other day being seen in Islington, with his paraphernalia strapped on behind. I ought perhaps to apologise for introducing such a subject in this column, but, after all, we live in such democratic days that even a chimney-sweep on a cycle might be included among "Society on Wheels."

The rush for high-class cycles, despite the prevailing bad weather, seems by no means at an end. In the case of the Elswick Company, their energetic London agents, the Stereoscopic Company, of Regent Street, inform the writer that it will be quite impossible to guarantee delivery before Easter to either ladies or gentlemen whose orders are not received this week, as even the enlarged works at Newcastle are quite unable to cope with the rush of work pouring in from all quarters. Happy shareholders! Unhappy public!

A Denver rider, Mrs. A. E. Rinehart, is said to have covered more miles on a bicycle last year than any other person in the country. In 1896 Mrs. Rinehart rode 17,000 miles, including 116 centuries, a feat that is without parallel in the history of the sport. Mrs. Rinehart did nine miles in the transcontinental relay race in almost record time, although the ride was made over hills and rough roads.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Beauty on tyred, but tireless, steed
Is found where fashion's leaders lead,
And with her, as a thing of course,
Behold her swain on iron horse;
While mirthful "youth and crabbed age"
Follow the universal rage.
Indeed, Society on Wheels
Rushes, or glides, or noiseless steals,
Through crowded park and bustling street,
Smart, well dressed, graceful, *chic*, and neat.
Princes are votaries of the bike,
Princesses seem the sport to like;
Even the Sovereign, when indoors,
Wheels through the Palace corridors.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TAILORS AND TRIMMINGS.

I wonder what the ladies' tailor will turn to if reports coming from the autocratic other side of Channel are really about to become facts, and the trim tweed and tidy tailor-made are really condemned to effacement? Like that convenient and oft-quoted Shaksperian gentleman whose occupation suddenly departed, these knights of the shears, who have cut their way along so prosperously of late years, will find themselves confronted with the philosophy of other times, other manners, to some purpose shortly. Myself, all rumours notwithstanding, I do not think the cloth-clad woman will vanish from amongst us just yet; but that her decline and fall has set in, no one taking notice of our present decorative frame of mind and manner can doubt. Woman's natural *métier* is, after all, and despite all argument, to attract. Notwithstanding shrieks, suffrage, and self-assertion variously, she is still, and must ever remain, in some senses, the weaker vessel. Her strength lies in her softness, not her struggles, and to this eternal truth we must still subscribe so long as our component parts remain the flesh and blood we have equally inherited from Adam. To lighter as well as larger things these well-worn platitudes, in all probability, equally apply, and our natural leaning to pleasant external effects has, no doubt, brought us back in the fulness of time thereof from the once universal rigid outline of tailor-built garments to the suaver issues of chiffon and flounces which each succeeding season of the last three or four has increasingly evidenced.

Dispassionately, too, and tailors nevertheless, there is much reason in all this. Can anything, as a matter of argument, seem so pitiful—revolting, almost, to the average feminine mind—as an effeminate, “womanish” young man? And are we to suppose that a loud-voiced, waistcoated, stiff-collared, eye-glassed, short-haired, thick-soled maid weaves spells over the imaginative faculty of her men friends, on the other hand. Obviously not. One phase is as disenchanting as the other. We all of us know both types, but the woman's is more frequent, as she is, I regret to add, almost exclusively British. All this generalising, meanwhile, leads to the vulgar fractions of frocks, which grow unceasingly and increasingly ornamented and ornamental. As a type of garment well adapted to the not too recent and not too entirely



AN INDOOR MORNING-DRESS.

inconsolable widow, I have had sketched a very becoming arrangement of rich black silk, the skirt cut in the new manner to fall in quite full folds at each side, but otherwise made plain. A beautifully cut round bodice, with the favourite corselet-band fastened with ornamental

buttons on the left side, gives great *chic* to the figure. The possessors of old family lace might advantageously imitate also the dainty and becoming disposal of this fichu, which is brought from the right shoulder across front to the left side, where it falls some distance below the waist in a graceful drapery. For an afternoon-dress I have not come across a prettier style.

An acquaintance who has been wintering at Malaga for his health, and who in the course of other wanderings through Spain has become deeply

affected by the charming Spaniard, wants to know, *apropos des bottes*, why the fashion-makers cannot borrow some classical ideas from that little-explored land, and so alter the present “artificial and affected” style of our feminine externals. Judging from several descriptive particulars that follow, I fear, however, that the smart young woman of London or Paris can scarcely “see herself” as enthusiastically outlined by my poetic, unpractical friend. The Moorish style, for instance, still followed by the peasants of Valencia, which is declared unspeakably picturesque, and consists of a long and wide-skirted coat, underneath which the wide trousers of stuff or gay-coloured linen appear, over them the red silk sash of piratical tradition, a velvet waistcoat, blue-green or orange, according to the wearer's fancy, white embroidered stockings (this is too much!). Greek sandals, a coloured handkerchief on the head, elaborate gold

earrings, and, above all, a low hat trimmed with brightly coloured ribbons, while over all goes a coloured cloak fringed and embroidered! No, I really cannot imagine the up-to-date girl anywhere near this outfit, except at the fancy ball. I fear the *beaux yeux* of these beauteous maids, of whom my correspondent writes that in a cigarette-factory at Seville, among eight hundred girls he did not see “one ugly,” must have cast an exceeding glamour over his usually clear-sighted vision, which could hold the comic-opera accoutrement of the Valencia peasant for Bond Street emulation.

Going still farther back than the early Victorian, or what we have been accustomed to consider as such, the French ukase now leads us absolutely into that period when skirts were made of three or four pinked-out flounces. Only this week I have had interviewed a quaint little frock sent over from Paris for a forthcoming Mid-Lenten dance, which is made of green-and-white shot taffetas; the four flounces forming skirt diminish gradually in width from hem to waist, and the upper one, after ancient precedent, is gathered into the waistband. The scalloped edge of each flounce is daintily bound with neat bias folds of black velvet. A simply made bodice gathered into the waist-belt is cut round the square *décolletage*, being at once a more ancient and modern mode than when this prevailed. Three flounces of green shot taffetas, likewise bound in black, cover the front of bodice prettily and the shoulders, where little flounced sleeves continue the universal “fussiness” of this queer little frock. I liked the waist-belt, which was of black velvet cut on the cross and slightly pointed. It fastens at back, in the old-fashioned mode, with old-fashioned rosettes. Really, the next thing we shall return to will be white stockings and square-toed shoes, if this harking back is thoroughly enforced. In which case we shall have adopted one thing in my Malaga friend's proposals, after all.

There was a time when Cannes was looked upon as the quiet and exclusive spot on the Riviera, which elsewhere had obtained and deserved a far different summing-up. Now, however, though one distinction may be retained, the other has as certainly been disposed of, for, between them, the lately started Ladies' Club and the Cercle Nautique have launched quiet little Cannes on a springtide of gaieties which even sober, subduing Lent has not altogether quieted down.

Lady Naylor-Leyland, the Princesse de Sagan, Countess Torby, Mrs. Symes, have been hosts in themselves in the hostesses' ranks this season, and the last and concluding brilliancy before *Mi-Carême* events was the dinner and ball at the Cercle Nautique on Monday week, conjointly given by the Comtesse de Montgomery and the Vicomte de Saint-Seine, than whom few in his generation know the art of entertaining more thoroughly. A profusion of palms and exotics such as can only be accomplished in the



[Copyright.]

ONE OTHER FORM OF JACKET.

Sunny South transformed the ball-room into a very grove of fragrance and greenery almost entirely covering the walls, which so made the most successful of all backgrounds for a fancy-dress affair. Every coiffeur in Cannes was at his wits' end to encompass the number of his clients, and I have heard some amusing details of the frantic appeals and struggles on both sides by many of the seventy-two elect asked to dinner first, many of whom were late for that gorgeous festivity, after all. The palm of prettiness was accorded to Countess Torby, who looked very fair in the white and silver robes and long wings which supported her character of Guardian Angel. The Grand Duke Michael, her husband, made a splendid figure, as all fine men do, in the becoming but simple *ensemble* of an Arab Chief. Mr. and Mrs. George Scott made a very interesting appearance in curious costumes of mediæval Japan, which had been brought back by them from the Chrysanthemum Country. Lady Naylor-Leyland was the third Marie Antoinette of the evening, but the Princess of Turn and Taxis, in the same character, somewhat handicapped the rest, for, besides her Imperial Highness's exquisite dress of old French brocade, her jewels, chiefly of pearls and diamonds, included a stomacher, necklace, and diadem which had actually belonged to the unfortunate Queen



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SPRING 1897.

whom she personated so effectively. Lady Brougham and Vaux was very regal in a Louis XVI. costume of pink brocade oversewn about the bodice and apron with precious stones, her three-cornered hat sitting jauntily on white powdered hair. Mrs. Tennant wore a scarlet dress and large black velvet Duchess of Devonshire hat. Prince Ernest Günther of Schleswig-Holstein, who is staying with his cousin, Countess Torby, most successfully defied all attempts at recognition by dyeing his beard black and donning a white wig. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin masqueraded as a Russian peasant, while her handsome daughter, Princess Alexandrine, elected to play the part of an Italian Contadina. Mrs. Crutchley, as organiser of a most successful minuet, was no less invaluable than she has often proved herself at Knightsbridge. Sir Robert Naylor-Leyland and Lord Brougham and Vaux were among those who contented themselves with the golf-club costume, which consists of black coat with red lapels. The tennis champion, Mr. Doherty, was a gay Neapolitan, while Count Arthur de Ségur made a most comical Chinaman in pigtail and embroidered garments of the most approved order. Nobody looked more charming, amid all the gay company, however, than the hostess, wearing a lovely dress as French Guard of the Louis Quinze period, while Vicomte de Saint-Seine, as Amphitryon, was congratulated, and with reason, on his "get-up," no less successful than the splendidly arranged function over which he presided with that gay and gracious manner which make him an ideal host.

Returning to the jacket subject, fresh versions of which are constantly coming up for consideration, I find that this little model reproduced hails from a very smart Paris dressmaker, and is already in course of erection for two duchesses, which will, I have no doubt, give it an added charm in the eyes of reverential commoners on the look-out for some new spring covering of the kind. The jacket, cut very short, has two lengths added on, which bring it below the waist. It is in violet cloth, and faced down the centre with velvet in a shade to match, as are the double-pointed revers. The Medicis collar of cloth is also lined with velvet. In green, which will be one of the season's shades, this would make a smart change, and in tan, with skirt of cloth to match, it should be an attractive travelling-costume.

An ornate and coming manner of evening-dress skirt is also outlined in this ball-costume, which, made up in palest pink brocade, with an under-skirt of white accordion-pleated mousseline-de-soie, seemeth good to the eye. As usual in all the smartest gowns, we see the front *en tablier*, with over-skirt edged with narrow silk ruche. The V-shaped pink brocade bodice has a shoulder-drapery *très chic*, forming a sort of zouave, also silk-edged, as is the pointed waistband. As far as newness goes, this representation is a model of form, but I confess to still hankering after the vanishing plain skirt.

Middle March points to another domestic item, however, besides the eternal one of clothes, for soon, if we may trust our fond hopes in the matter, and despite present climatic affliction, the spring will be here in spirit as well as the letter of deceiving almanacks. Sparrows will build; young men's fancies will lightly turn, as, indeed, they generally do; dreadful house-upheavals will begin, and lace curtains flutter freshly in country breeze as in the sooty zephyrs of town. And as we go, or ought to, for our coals to Newcastle, our patriotic ardour to Athens, and so forth, it seems appropriate to look towards Nottingham for the aforesaid lace curtains, where Gorrings and Co., of Queen's Walk, have a very bountiful and beautiful selection at prices quite alarmingly cheap even for that centre of industry, as will be seen from the various attractive forms duly set forth in their picture-book, for which all my curtainless readers should forthwith apply.

Appropriately, too, with the flowering spring a new scent has been introduced called Flowers of France, which ought to find favour in the public nostrils if judged on its merits. The most delicate perfumes of young flowers seem subtly blended in its essence, and a faint mingling of mignonette, lily-of-the-valley, and violets most grateful and fragrant salute one on removing the stopper from one of the daintily tied bottles which contain the united extracts from "Flowers of France." Messrs. Labern are the sole makers of this as well as the "Wallflower" essence, which can be obtained, I fancy, at any good perfumer's or chemist's.

Talk of twisting foxes, but I think that venturesome Reynard who trusted his skin to the tender mercies of a ladies' waiting-room at a railway station on Monday must have had a twist in his brain of a certainty. The whole country-side is laughing over the incident still, which, indeed, bids fair to rival the classic chimney episode, for this time puss led the whole Quorn pack full cry across country from Parson's Thorn and on to the rails just as an up-train was leaving the station, and how the dogs escaped seemed really a good old-fashioned miracle. Pell-mell the whole field swept across, and, amid a scene of wild excitement, gave the happy despatch to a gamey little fox, who had, as a last resource, pinned his faith on the unsheltering mercies of the ladies' waiting-room. I had four versions by the next day from enthusiastic followers, who knew my sporting instincts would echo to the occasion; indeed, I think it would have been worth a week of one's life—out of the hunting season—to have been there.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

URSUS (Alderley Edge).—I should take away the white marble abomination and substitute a hooded mantelpiece of fumigated oak, which will give dignity and beauty to your fine dining-room. You cannot do better than get Hewetsons to submit drawings. They would also use your panelling, which you are lucky in possessing. Cherry-colour with white paint makes a very bright and pretty morning-room, especially in the country, where you have a green outlook.

NESTA (Weybridge).—(1) Miss Barrett, 11, Eccleston Street, will take your materials and make up both blouses and tea-gown daintily and inexpensively. It is no distance from the Grosvenor, where you are staying. (2) How curiously they combined jewels long ago. Yes, decidedly have the topaz and pearls removed. I should send for drawings, if I were you, to the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company. They are most skilful at resetting and artistic as designers. 112, Regent Street will find them.

CONNOISSEUR, S. K.—(1) Have you tried Warings? They have a quite unique collection of old French furniture. (2) As a background for Chippendale, I have found very pale terra-cotta successful. Green is cold. The former should be a plain paper, with a frieze and rail for pictures, which should be old coloured prints or oil-paintings. (3) That question comes, I think, under the taboored heading of personal gossip, in which I do not indulge, at least, professionally. (4) Many people decant their champagne just before dinner, but it is quite a matter of the palate. (5) This is a good recipe for Moselle-cup. To every bottle of Sparkling Moselle add two bottles soda-water, one liqueur-glass of maraschino, and a small slice of cucumber-peel. Which, I think, disposes of your list. No trouble.

ALINE (Yorkshire).—(1) Tuesdays are the dinner and dance evenings at the Ladies' Club, Cannes. At least, I think so. It has only just been started. (2) Do you mean Paquin? He is now in Dover Street.

MISERABLE.—I sympathise with you. It is a great annoyance. Nor can I recommend any known depilatory that will destroy the roots. There are only two methods of any use. One is the constant use of tweezers; the second, removal by electricity. Madame Pomeroy, of Bond Street, will do this effectually and as painlessly as possible. Once done it is, however, finally disposed of, which is more than any depilatory can accomplish.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on March 24.

THE MONEY MARKET.

No alteration was made in the Bank of England Rate last Thursday, so that it still remains at 3 per cent. The Bank Return shows an increase in public deposits of £768,000, accounted for by the excess of tax payments over disbursements. The note circulation and the coin and bullion stock have been contracted to the extent of £585,000, which increases the reserve to £30,340,000, raising its proportion to the current liabilities by $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $54\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. On Thursday last Consols had another sharp spurt to $112\frac{1}{8}$, but reacted, in common with almost everything else, and closed on that day $111\frac{1}{8}$. On Friday the quotation was practically unchanged.

THE SETTLEMENT.

The last Account was a feverish one, having again been dominated by the Cretan Question. The Account, however, disclosed that the "bulls" had a very trifling commitment, the Market generally having been on the "bear" tack. The prices in most departments were lower on balance, although not to the extent that might have been expected, considering the serious questions involved. Colonial Government Securities were in almost every case carried over at lower prices, but, after making allowance for the dividends taken off, the declines were only trifling. Foreign Stocks were naturally affected most during the Account, but, as it happens, South American descriptions suffered considerably more than the International Stocks immediately associated with the affairs in the East. The Greek Issues of 1881 and 1884 were $2\frac{1}{2}$ lower, and the Monopoly $1\frac{1}{2}$. The only movement of importance in Turkish Loans was a fall of 2 points in Converted "B" Series. Home Rails were very irregular, the rises and falls during the Account being pretty equally balanced. Great Easterns showed a substantial gain of 4 points. In Americans the only noteworthy feature was a rise of 12 points in Lake Shore shares, and in Foreign Rails Buenos Ayres and Ensenada Port Ordinary carried over 9 points higher. The deadlock in the Transvaal affected Kaffir shares adversely, but the declines were not serious, and, beyond a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$ in Rand Mines, the movements were only fractional. The Carry-over in the other departments was, as a rule, in favour of "bear" operators, but there is nothing in the list calling for special comment.

HOME RAILS.

A considerable amount of activity was infused into this market towards the end of last week, which led to a substantial improvement in prices. The North British dividend, at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, was up to the latest Market expectations, but, notwithstanding this, the price fell away 2 points on the day the announcement was made. The reason of this downward movement was attributable to the labour troubles in the North, fears being entertained of a lock-out of Clyde engineers.

SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.

South-Easterns, Chathams, and South-Westerns are all coming prominently forward in the Home Railway Market at present, and there appears to be much dubiety as to the causes at work. The manipulators of Kent Coalfield shares put it down to the glorious prospects of that chimerical undertaking. Our explanation is a different one. The Queen's Diamond Jubilee is bound to attract thousands and thousands of Continental visitors, and naturally the Southern Railways will get the benefit of the bulk of the resulting traffic. The Great Eastern, of course, will have its share, and there again we find the stock attracting public attention. That consideration, however, has not apparently prevented the creation of a considerable "bear" account in Great Eastern Ordinary, if we may judge from the fact that a continuation-rate was only even to $\frac{1}{2}$. By the way, the continuation-rates in Home Rails generally at last week's Settlement were remarkably light, and the instance cited above was nothing abnormal in relation to those which generally ruled in that market.

BELGRAVIA HOTELS.

So far as we understand the prospectus of the Belgravia Hotels Company, Limited, it would appear that the promoters have based their application for capital chiefly upon the prospects of an abnormal influx of visitors during the coming summer. At all events, their prospectus is headed ostentatiously with a remark, made on their own authority, that 1897 will mark a record season of prosperity for first-class hotel properties. The *Bullionist* is also quoted as stating that "there cannot be a shadow of doubt that the London season will be an exceptionally brilliant and crowded one." Of course, the *Bullionist* is a great authority on such matters. There is also a somewhat irrelevant quotation from the *Daily Telegraph* referring to the opinion of an estate agent that houses at the West End will let for terms never previously obtained; and if that were not sufficiently convincing, we are told that a certain well-known ladies' newspaper specially recommends the Hotel Belgravia. The estimate of profits is based upon some calculations of what the gross revenue would be if all the suites of rooms were let at appalling prices, with a reduction of 25 per cent. "for the constant change of visitors and other causes" resulting in the rooms being vacant. We don't know whether the issue has gone off this time. The company seems to have been hanging fire, as, to our knowledge, there was a prospectus in existence in October last which in many respects was identical with the present one, though various changes have since taken

place in the constitution of the directorate, and of the general body of officials. The investors who get caught by such a prospectus deserve very little pity. A fool and his money, we all know, are soon parted; at the same time, unless our memory is at fault, the old Hotel Belgravia Company, so late as March 1896, was in the hands of its debenture-holders by reason of default in interest, and we consider it was at least due to the public that this fact should have been stated in the prospectus. We fancy that dissatisfied allottees would have a fair case for the return of their money if they cared to press for it.

COSTA RICA RAILWAY.

The general depression arising from political complications has retarded the rise in Costa Rica Railway shares, to which we referred in our last issue; but there has been nothing to alter the situation, as looked at from the point of view of the reviving prosperity of the railway. The market is relieved of the large blocks of shares which hung over it until quite recently, and the price went up last week to $2\frac{3}{4}$, as the result of a considerable amount of business. When matters settle down, we imagine that these shares are likely to come to the front. As a purchase for a moderate turn, they look promising. We should speak more strongly in their favour if it were not for the notorious jealousy of Central American States towards anybody and everybody outside their own nationalities who succeed in carrying on business remuneratively within their borders.

LEVER BROTHERS.

Lever Brothers, Limited, the proprietors of Sunlight Soap, are to be congratulated on another successful year. Since the registration of the company in June 1894, the gods have been distinctly favourably disposed towards the great Birkenhead manufacturers, the ordinary shareholders getting 10 per cent. and the cumulative preference holders 5 per cent. each twelvemonth. It is satisfactory also to learn that, as stated by the chairman, the preference shareholders "are in the happy position of having dividends in hand for three years ahead, and having their capital secured one and a-half times over." He, the chairman, also assured these lucky preference holders that there was no likelihood of any debentures being placed in front of their shares. The reserve fund, it may be added, now stands at the substantial figure of £115,000, having been increased by £30,000 on March 11. The name of the company's chief manufacture is, under the present prosperous circumstances, singularly appropriate.

ARGENTINES.

In spite of official *démentis*, the rumours are persistent that at the first favourable opportunity the Argentine Republic will come forward to ask for more money. Argentine bonds are not in great favour, and there is very little business doing in them. We cannot imagine that any responsible financial house would undertake the charge of a new loan—except for unification purposes—while so many questions remain in dispute, notably the derelict railway guarantees.

RIGHTS OF DEBENTURE-HOLDERS.

We are awaiting with considerable curiosity to see in what terms the directors of the United States Debenture Corporation approach the holders of the "Irredeemable" Debenture Stock, in order to enforce upon their acceptance the determination of the shareholders to reduce their uncalled liability by £5 per share. The scheme has been severely criticised from many quarters, including the *Times* and the *Economist*. And not, we think, without very good reason. The shareholders are told that the company under the new management is doing very well, and substantial evidence to that effect is afforded by the declaration of a dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But, in spite of these satisfactory results, the shares stand at a big discount, and the reason alleged is that their holding involves such an enormous liability. That liability, however, is an essential part of the debenture-holders' security; and, if they have got to sacrifice that portion of the security, it ought to be in consideration for some substantial advantage. Both Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, who presided, and Mr. Spens, who seconded the resolution for the reduction of capital, laid stress upon the statement that the shareholders, if they chose to go into voluntary liquidation, could force the debenture-holders to take repayment at par. The irritation thus created is natural, but, from our knowledge of the two speakers in question, we are not disposed to think that they quite meant all they said, and that in the bustle of a public meeting they did not weigh the words so carefully as in cold blood they would and should have done. The shareholders' confirmatory meeting is the next step in the story, and after that, no doubt, negotiations will be opened with the debenture-holders. It is not the scheme we object to, but the violation of principle involved in the proposal that a company paying good dividends should go through the form of liquidation for the purpose of extorting concessions from its creditors.

KAFFIRS.

Despite a very fine return of 211,000 ounces for the short month of February, the Kaffir Circus has not been gay during the week—indeed, it has been the weakest spot in the whole market, principally on account of the political outlook. The mining industry develops steadily, and we should not be surprised if the yield for 1897 came very close to 3,000,000 ounces, provided, of course, no convulsion in the shape of war with the Transvaal intervenes to cause a shutting-down of the mines. This is the real crux of the position, and to the dread of what may happen is due the present state of stagnation. Our readers must be extremely careful of operating in this market, but, if they wish to have a little flutter, they

will probably not hurt themselves so long as they buy good, sound, gold-producing companies' shares, such as Bonanzas, New Heriots, Crown Reefs, and the like.

The worst of the South African Commission is probably over, and as interest in the proceedings of that august body diminishes from week to week its disturbing influence will be less and less felt; indeed, it would not surprise us to see Chartered shares improve; but, believing as we do that they have no intrinsic value, we cannot advise purchases which, in our view, would be a mere gamble in the hope of some other person being willing to buy the counters for a trifle more a few weeks hence.

WESTRALIA.

Slowly but surely this market is settling down and the good shares are getting sifted from the bad—the sheep from the goats—with the result that the market for those companies which have really got something has been fairly good, and considerable improvement is shown in the price of Great Boulder, to which we called attention last week. There are a large number of West Australian leases, especially at Hannan's, upon which nothing of value has yet been found, and whose shares are selling at a few shillings, and it is in this class of concern that the big prizes will be drawn—if there are any big prizes to draw. All along the line of the various lodes work has been carried on, and, so far, discoveries of value have been made in, perhaps, one lease out of every ten; but, as any miner knows, in the ground which is properly situated another hundred feet of sinking *might* produce big results; perhaps it is five to one against it—no, Mr. Justice Hawkins, we are not offering to bet!—but, then, if good gold is found, the buyer at rubbish-price would get more than five to one for his money. In short, the position with the bulk of the Hannan's properties which have hitherto proved failures is such that, to sell for a few shillings would be foolish, although even those few may well be lost.

NEW ZEALAND MINING.

The chairman, at the meeting of the New Zealand Exploration Company held last week, gave some interesting particulars as to the development of the mining industry in that colony during the past twelve months. He stated that it is estimated that, during the year 1896, a total of 97,000 acres was passed through the Thames Warden's Court alone and granted for mining purposes. This area, it appears, represents about one thousand special claims and two hundred licensed holdings. The chairman spoke in hopeful terms of the future of his company, and the dividend of 12½ per cent. declared must be looked upon as satisfactory, in view of the fact of its being earned during the first year of the company's existence. A favourite share of ours, and a concern in which many correspondents are interested, is the Taitapu Company. On satisfactory advices from New Zealand, the price has been as high as 2½, and the general opinion appears to be that the next mining revival will be in ventures of the island colony.

COMING ISSUES.

We hear of several companies which will be launched in the course of a few days, especially among cycling concerns. The Trench Tyre Company will appear, it is said, next week with a capital of £200,000. The article which the company has to sell is probably the best of its kind in the market, but several legal battles loom in the future. Another tyre company, under the title of the "Amalgamated," is also trying to get itself underwritten, with what success we do not know. It has been some time on the way. The Zenith Folding Cycle Company is to make its public bow in a short time, and Messrs. Hearl and Tonks, Limited, will shortly be asking for public support. It is said that one of the best-known Sheffield cutlery firms is going to register under the Limited Liability Acts, and its capital will be eagerly subscribed no doubt in the district. Mr. Hooley proposes to raise the needful to develop Trafford Park by a big issue, and the air is thick with other promotions. We are not over-sanguine, however, of the success which will attend many of these efforts, for the premium on Apollinaris has run down to practically nothing, and it is said that a big British Columbian Mining Company lately issued received from the public as the result of its first day's advertising the magnificent sum of £200. A turn in foreign politics and a little more chance of peace in South Africa would, however, work wonders.

Report has been very free with the story that all is not as it once was with the Hooley-Rucker combination, and that there will soon be a dissolution of partnership between these hitherto inseparable gentlemen. We do not vouch for the news, but no doubt we shall see what we shall see in this direction soon.

JAY'S, LIMITED.

When this company was brought out it was received with great public favour, but the majority of financial writers gave it a cold shoulder. We have always had a good word for its shares, and the event has justified us in speaking well of them. The report with accounts to Jan. 31 last, to be submitted to the first annual meeting, to be held at the offices on the 22nd inst., states that, for the greater convenience of stocktaking and audit, the above date has been fixed for the closing of the financial year instead of Feb. 1 and 15, as formerly. Although the company in the year under review is thus deprived of the benefit of fourteen days' trading at two of their establishments, the net profits exceed those of last year. The profit, after charging all renewals and repairs to revenue, and after full allowance for bad and doubtful debts and depreciation, amounts to £39,307. Deducting directors' fees, managing director's commission, income tax, interest on the purchase

money, and the whole of the preliminary expenses, there remains a balance of £27,734. The 5½ per cent. dividend on the preference shares to Jan. 31, less income tax, will absorb £8422, leaving £19,312 to be dealt with, which the directors recommend be appropriated to the payment of a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares, less income tax, requiring £6946. Ten thousand is placed to reserve, and £2300 carried forward. What could be more satisfactory?

NEW ISSUES.

The Clipper Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, is going to pay £120,000 for two licences, one to work under the Clincher—or rather, Bartlett—patent, and the other to manufacture the Bagot tyre. The prospectus is silent as to royalties, and we cannot see for what the purchase money is charged.

The Coventry Gear-Case and Belting Company, Limited, is one of those things which are better left alone except by those behind the scenes in the trade, and we fancy it is not likely to be touched by them.

Apollinaris and Johannis (Limited), with a share capital of £2,380,000 and debenture stock of £850,000, is appealing for public subscriptions. So far as the ordinary shares and debentures go, the necessary capital is pretty sure to be subscribed. The combined profits amount to £171,000 a-year, but the real strength of the company lies in its board, and the enormous power of pushing its productions which is possessed by Mr. Frederick Gordon and his colleagues.

The New South Wales Goldfields, Limited, is the offspring of the United Colonial Exploration, Limited. To say much about such a concern is like breaking a fly upon a wheel. The talk of immediate results from two rattle-trap, five-head batteries, which, if the public subscribe enough money, are to be acquired, is sheer folly. We know the Colonial vendors too well to believe they would part with anything out of which immediate returns could be obtained. Leave it severely alone.

The Leeds City Brewery, Limited, is appealing for subscriptions to an issue of £75,000 in shares and £25,000 in 4 per cent. debentures. It is too small an affair for any but local investors to look at, and no advice we can give will affect them. The auditor's certificate reads well.

The Normal Powder and Ammunition Company, Limited, is offering 40,000 shares of £1 each, which are to have a 6 per cent. dividend before the ordinary shares get anything. The issue is made at a premium of 1s. per share, for which we confess we see no justification. Most of these powder companies go to a discount before they reach a premium, and we see no reason to doubt that this is what will happen in the case of the Normal Powder Company.

The City of Birmingham Bank, Limited, with a strong local backing, is, we fancy, likely to do well.

Saturday, March 13, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

PERPLEXED.—The company you inquired about was amalgamated in November 1895 with the Lydenburg Mining Estates, and the product of the amalgamation is called the Transvaal Gold Mining Estates. We have been unable to learn the cause of the stoppage of the work on "the large gold deposit on a hill" of which you speak. Write to Mr. Henry Hess of the *African Critic*, 156, Leadenhall Street, E.C., who has special means of information, and can tell you what you want to know if anybody in London can.

G. A.—We wrote to you on the 12th inst.

CUMBRIA.—The dividend was worse this year than last, and the report is not considered satisfactory. There are rumours of further issues of ordinary stock, and talk of labour troubles. We should be inclined to hold on, as you can afford to do so.

W. E. E. R.—(1) a. Simpson and McPhearson debentures; b. Smith, Garrett, and Co. 4½ debentures; c. Arrol 4½ debentures; d. City of Auckland 6 per cent. 1930 bonds; e. City of Wellington Waterworks bonds; f. Northern Pacific 4 per cent. prior lien bonds; g. Industrial and General Trust Unified stock; h. *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref. shares. (2) As to Grand Centrals, see answer to "D. E. E." last week. (3) A fair speculation. We recommended them when they were lower. (4) We do not know the mine you mention. (5) We should think them a fair purchase but for the very bad state of the whole African market. At the present we should not buy. (6) The Australian market appears to be looking up, and, as a speculation, you might hold for a better price. Like all companies of this nature, it will come to grief in time.

C. E. W.—We certainly meant the paper you name. Both the concerns you mention, and whose shares were, *inter alia*, recommended, were of the nature we indicated, and the price has been worked up probably by pooling and unloading. If you hold either, let somebody else have them. The other two papers are even worse, especially the first. We should say 1, 3, and 4 were fair speculations, although we don't like No. 1 much; 2 and 5 better left alone.

A. E. H.—You have at least got something substantial for your money, and, although at present prices things look blue, there is a chance for you on any revival. We should average No. 1, for choice.

B. B.—(1) Keep your Electric Light shares, which we think very well of. (2) If these shares were ours we should sell them.

O. B.—We do not like No. 2 of your list, while Nos. 6 and 7 are speculative. See answer to "W. E. E. R.," and you might add Imperial Continental Gas stock.

OPHIR.—(1) See this week's "Notes." (2) The people are mere swindlers. (3) We think the concern over-capitalised, and feel sure that all these millions for which industrial concerns are brought out nowadays will cause trouble and many a sore heart in a year or so.

VIC.—The *Lady's Pictorial* shares are now quoted in the Official List, and the special settlement is fixed for the 17th. The information given to you about the quotation being refused was, therefore, very inaccurate, to use a mild word.

VERITAS.—(1) We are very sorry for you because of the price you gave for these shares, but, after all, you have got something substantial for your money. We should hold on, as the West Australian Market looks like improving for good shares, among which you may class these. (2) C. Arthur Pearson 5½ per cent. preference shares.

GUNS.—The Hotchkiss report is certainly very bad, but we should not sell at the present rubbish price. There will be an effort to turn out the board, it is said; if so, support it with all your might.

The roll-top desk is so useful that more people would have one if the price was within their reach. Some capital specimens of cheap desks are on view at Mr. Thomas Turner's, 44, Holborn Viaduct, who has a great variety of these indispensable pieces of furniture.